The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1906. NUMBER 36

HEARD FROM ONCE MORE

Are the Daddyless Tracts From Wall Street, New York.

A Good, Strong Letter From a Boy Who Wants to See the Barroom Voted Out of Washington County.

Valley Hill, Ky., August 3.—Editor Sun.—It has been a source of great pleasure for me to read in the last few issues of your valuable paper the comments of others on the vital subject "local option." I am proud to know that our county has such members as those who have openly avowed themselves against the great liquor traffic carried on so extensively within its realms, and sincerely hope that these may influence others to do a great and loyal deed toward the restoration and preservation of manhood among our youth of today.

It is these fathers and sons, who are voters, that are to determine whether or not our county shall henceforth be infested with the great curse of intoxicating liquors which reduces to debauchery so many of our young men who would have probably been numbered with our greatest men had it not been for the "dread demon," as the curse is regarded very distinctly in the holy scriptures.

I have had the pleasure of listening to our ablest lecturers in various places and I wish each reader to understand thoroughly that, as a lecturer, full of vim and common sense, one who knows his business in wit and humor, our own Hon. I. H. Thurman is first on the list with the writer. In his speeches he clearly sets forth facts concerning the welfare of our county directly and indirectly connected with the endless chain of distruction, that, in the present state of affairs, is mended link by link day by day with the youth of our country, to such an extent that every boy old enough to cast a vote in this great battle of right and wrong, who was under the sound of his eloquent lectures, should stamp the stencil together with their heart and soul, against the great common destroyer of our youth.

I have friends, both old and young, who are addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, friends whom I trust will make an effort to reform and set a commendable example before younger boys, who are to take the stand of their predecessors, and it would be a great blessing to rear the next generation to know nothing of the follies in the use of their beverage. It would be a mark on the royal book of life for every earnest worker in this battle. I have friends, who are merely in the bloom of youth, that are permitting these alcoholic liquors to lay siege to physical body and destroy the normal state of mind. These young friends will, no doubt, praise their fathers and friends who make an effort to have the curse put away from their door, where they cannot go at will and secure any amount desired, and who will not only be rid of its use and effect, but have perfect health restored, which is alone the greatest blessing bestowed upon mankind, and to have it destroyed, absorbed entirely from your system by strong drink is something to be abhorred.

Young men do not regard the sacred love of a dutiful mother, whose heart bleeds at the thought of their son becoming a drunkard, and he, in return, hasn't enough manhood about him to say, No, when the evil doer passes him a social dram.

How are we to ever become a temperate body of moral citizens who care for life and home, who are willing to sacrifice a life to make home a harbor for happy hearts, whose happiness is not to be blighted by the curse of strong drink? By not having whisky or other intoxicating liquors around, of course. And the point is, will you help to have that state of affairs by lending a helping hand to one another, and when the 25th of this month comes to decide this very important subject. Fathers will act wise by getting it away from their sons who will ever sing praises to them for so-doing. And by hearty co-operation I see nothing between us and an overwhelming majority for a dry county and eventually a dry State.

I notice one point in the whisky side that has set me to thinking. During the past weeks most every man and boy (myself included) in this section have received small pamphlets from—well, that's the question. Where does the stuff come from? It is direct from the Wall Street whisky headquarters in New York. But what have we to do with them? Why is it that they will print such fictitious matter and send it to this county? Yet, there remains another question unanswered. However, I have a plausible theory as to the answer.

This matter is printed we know not where, nor by whom, and it is of other States, not ours, the one we are working for, but others in whom we are not interested in the least, and in the unreasonable arguments they bring in what happened in England in 1743 in regard to the use of whisky and the increase of its use after taking a similar course upon its sale that we are now to take. Have not the people grown wiser since that time? It is reasonable that they have, and why confound them with antiquity when it is a modern move?

And then the question comes: "How do these Wall Street misers know the state of affairs in our county, and even know the names and addresses of the legal voters and know them well? We are not personally acquainted with these gentlemen—I mean these unknown whisky men, not gentlemen in the line of a virtuous cause, but who are trying to deceive the people of this State by giving unreliable statements of no definite origin, and probably originated when the whisky question was instigated—useless matter that none other than foolhardy people will listen to. As "seeing is believing," we didn't see that and never will. Yet, how do they know the direct address of our citizens. They are bound to have them furnished direct or they could not have such an efficient addressing system.

Next, who furnished these names? It wasn't any man of high standing on the local option side; consequently, it must have originated with the promoters of the evil assailant of every man's soul. And they must have been well acquainted with these men and boys to give their names so correctly. Now, who can conscientiously do such a thing, knowing at the time that he is committing a sin in the first degree—almost a murderer, just the next thing.

If this question should carry—that is, the whisky side—and the cause should be directly through this form of upholding evil, what else could it be called when it would be the cause of many souls descending into everlasting destruction. And why do so? Why not stand firm and resolute against the accursed stuff and have it placed beyond our State limits.

I do not think, however, that any whisky man in our county could be the cause of the outpour of this fictitious advertising matter in behalf of the whisky dealer, because of the awfulness of the charge were it made known openly.

In conclusion I wish to say, dear friends, do be loyal, I am yet a minor and have to withstand the temptations of whisky in its death-dealing vices every day, or almost every day, and for my sake and in behalf of other boys I beseech you with all earnestness of a sincere heart. Do cast aside all malice and begin at home, take the evils of this question, place them at your door, size yourself up in a drunkards grave, and vote as your conscience dictates and I am here to state that whisky will be cast higher than Hamon.

It is a moral county we want and that we must have. Friends, in the name of a God, who loves every soul but detests a liquor stained useless and worthless wasted body, vote for local option.

JAMES MORAN, JR.

STABLE FOR RENT.—I desire to rent the stable on my place in Springfield. It is a good building and has two stalls and a carriage house.

MRS. JNO. W. LEWIS.

NO TIGERS

At Lancaster Says the Record, Due to the Fact that the Officers Do Their Duty Well.

The old assertion that the local option law cannot be enforced has certainly been disproved right here in Lancaster, and the success lies entirely with the appointment of police officers who are absolutely fearless and determined to enforce the law. The temptation to sell whisky in a local option town is very great, as the "tiger" has no license to pay, no rent, no barkeepers, no free lunch, and his receipts are consequently almost clear profits, as the brand of whisky sold is of the cheapest, and meanest, it is possible to obtain. The Lancaster policemen watch every move made by suspicious characters, so it doesn't take much time to locate an offender. The Record is thoroughly convinced that it is absolutely impossible to buy a drop ot whisky or beer in Lancaster to-day, and the stamping out of the traffic is due entirely to the appointment of men who will obey the law themselves, and then enforce the law.

DANVILLE

As Seen By The Editor of Lancaster Record.—A Clean, Good Town.

The editor of the Record spent Friday in Danville, and is obliged to tell the truth, but not the whole truth, about that place, though it may hurt some folk's feeling to do so.

Danville is the cleanest kept city in the Blue Grass; her streets the best, except alone those of Paris; and her conveniences for living there are unexcelled. Her water works, electric lights, gas, laundry, ice plant, free mail delivery, and fire department supply all that man can ask from these modern features of municipal equipment.

But above all these Danville has a perfect sewerage system, radiating throughout the city and disposing of the death-dealing filth that most other Kentucky towns suffer to decay in their midst. Danville has over three millions of taxable wealth, but no saloons like Richmond from which the latter gets $11,000 annual license, but which cost in youthful lives and police salaries a sum thereto. Mayor Woolfolk loves his town and labors for it almost as hard as Clarence Woods does Richmond. And saying this we give thanks for the city whose officers have an eye and a heart single to the best interests of their constituency, wholly regardless of self or self preferment.

Danville has her finances so well managed that there is no lurking suspicion of shady deals and extravagant expenditures. Of her colleges and schools, her churches, infirmaries, asylums, new depot, new Government Building, and mercantile establishments, we shall not speak—they speak eloquently enough for themselves.

The present lesson from Danville to other Kentucky towns is her ownership and control of her water works and sewerage—the veins and arteries of the city's very existence, making the city pre-eminent in this one respect among her slower-moving sisters of this old Commonwealth.

Another lesson to draw from Danville is that to stay away and "knock on" her is to reveal the densest ignorance and the most stupid self satisfaction upon our part. While others revile and ridicule her, Danville goes right along getting the good things that make life worth the while and making her citizens a prosperous, happy and a contented people.

Dave Smith's Harvest.

Breckenridge Democrat: Mr. John R. Critchelow, of Axtil, easily wins the palm for any vegetables sent to this office this year. From seeds distributed by the Democrat last spring through the courtesy of Hon. D. H. Smith, who secured them from the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Critchelow raised a monster radish, which he sent us last week. It measured sixteen inches long and eighteen and one-half inches in circumference. We refused to weigh it, believing someone would doubt the accuracy of our scales.

FATHERS

Will You Not Help Your Sons to Be Sober Men?

Springfield is Not Founded On a Whisky Barrel

And The Town Will Be Better Without a Drop of Liquor.

Tatham Springs, Ky.

Editor Sun:—

As I haven't seen anything about local option from our precinct—the North—I will endeavor to send in a few words to The Sun. Although I never met the editor I feel sure he will print the few blundering words I send in behalf of the local option question that is being discussed in this and other counties. I am thankful to say that I believe if all precincts are as much in favor of local option as this one there need be no fear of this poisonous drink being sold in our county—the drink that destroys many homes that otherwise would be happy. While some say if whisky is voted out the county will be ruined, the laboring man can't get more than half price for his work, the farmer can't sell his products for anything, and many other such weak arguments. What has whisky got to do with the price of labor? And even if the laborers do not get more than half price for their labor, isn't that as much or more than the dram drinker has to buy clothing and provisions for his broken-hearted wife and children after he buys his whisky? You all will say "yes," and sometimes more, won't you? There are also a few old grey-headed men who say whisky never did them any harm and they don't see why it should be voted out, when right at the same time their boys are going to a drunkard's grave as fast as whisky can send them. Oh, fathers, why will you do something that you know is sending your boys, who could otherwise have been a great benefit to their country, to hell and everlasting torment?

There was a man some years ago in the city of Harrodsburg who, drunk and reeling as he walked, met that Godly Christian minister, the late David Bruner, who died some few months ago. This man walked up to Bro. Bruner and spoke very politely (as he thought), though he could hardly stand up. He said: "Hello, Bro. Bruner; how are you? I am so delighted to see you. I think more of you than most anybody. I can recall an incident in my life that will always make me love you, for you saved me one time." "Huh," said Bro. Bruner, "I thought it looked like some of my work; I don't think the Lord Almighty had anything to do with it." It seems to me that that is the kind of Christianity the people have got that claim to be Christians and then will talk and vote for something they know will ruin many hundreds—yes, thousands—of souls. Oh! surely, the old and the young, the lover and the hater of this intoxicating drink will get their eyes open before election day and vote this county local option by a larger majority than anybody ever dreamed of.

Some say whisky is the life of Springfield, that if it is voted out Springfield will be dead, and that they keep it for the benefit of the country people. I don't believe any such nonsense. I don't think Springfield is founded on a whisky barrel; if so, the sooner the barrel bursts the better, and Springfield would be better off dead. And if they are keeping it for the country people they need not put themselves to any trouble about not having it for them when they come to town, for they can do lots better without it. Some say they can go to town without getting whisky and they know everybody else could. It does look like any one could go where there is whisky without getting drunk, but to some the temptation is so great that it is almost impossible for them to resist. And why not put this poisonous stuff where they can't get it. It ruins a man's character—ruins him mentally, morally, physically and financially.

Oh! if all the people would cry out with one voice for local option I am certain it would be one of the happiest times with some that they ever experienced and nobody would be hurt. The saloon keepers might think they were hurt, but it would be one of the grandest things that ever happened for them. Why do they want to drag the poor, innocent, boys into the saloon (the devil's trap)? Why teach them to be lovers of whisky? If the saloon keepers can't find any better way to make a living than that they had better lead a beggar's life—or starve to death would be better than the sins they will have to answer for. Saloon men, you may think this is pretty hard, but study it over and see if I am not right.

I don't want anybody to say I have exaggerated things. I have written the truth, mean every word I have said and have no apologies to make. Lots more could be said, but I just wanted to let the people know what some of the people were thinking about local option in this part of the county. My last and final words are these: Let everybody study this over and think not only what whisky and intoxicating drinks will do for them but what it will do and is doing for their fathers, brothers, children, grand-children, friends and all.

Well, I will close, hoping what few words I have said will be a benefit to more than one and will cause our citizens to think and vote for Washington county to go dry. I can't vote, but that is no reason why I can't work to get rid of whisky and other intoxicating drinks. I can't do much, but am willing to do all I can.

(MISS) ANNA ROYALTY.

A PICTURE

Drawn In Vivid Colors, and Its Scenes Are Terrible.

If your correspondent were called upon to paint a picture of a saloon it would be somewhat in this way:

On one side of the canvass we would paint Death on the Pale Horse, his arm wielding the thunderbolt and the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything fair and lovely before him and leaving a bleakened waste behind him.

On the other side we will draw the picture of a wretched, once a happy, home, the roof broken in and the windows stuffed with rags, in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reeling drunkard, on his way from the saloon to the place he calls his home.

Back of the bar in full view of all the bloated creatures that stand with the cup to their lips, we would paint a company, in a death-dance of fiendish hilarity and a fire, kindled with the flames of alcohol and over it we would write in luried letters: MODERATE DRINKING LIGHTS THE FLAMES THAT BURN TO THE LOWEST HELL.

Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonored grave, a lightning blasted tree should stretch its leafless branches over it and on some withered bough should perch the melancholy owl hooting at the moon. At the foot of the grave should kneel the angel of mercy with hands and eyes upraised to the pitying heavens and at the head of the grave should be the angel of justice carving with stern, relentless hand upon the tomb stones these fearful words of doom: NO DRUNKARD SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

We might paint in the intervening spaces a grinding skeleton, and there a broken heart, a shattered hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in the blackness and darkness. But it is enough of the dark picture and may the young—the pride of mothers and the light of home—forever shun such a place and may the noble manhood of our county on the 25 of August vote by an overwhelming majority the saloons out of our proud county and then we will sing "Home Sweet Home."

W. EZRA SUTHERLAND.

AN APPEAL

To the Local Option Voters to Go to the Polls Early

If the Saloon Is An Evil Tree It Must Be Removed.

The local optionists are greatly encouraged over the outlook. Some think the vote will be four to one in the Pottsville precinct. The Sun believes the county will carry local option by one thousand majority, but let us expect and work for fifteen hundred. I have not found a man who will try to defend the saloon. It would break the monotony if just one would say that liquor, as a beverage, was a good thing, but instead all say "That it is an evil tree."

Him, who spake as never man spake, said "Ye shall know them by their fruit." Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

If the saloon is an evil tree it has no more right to exist and be protected by law than a den of deadly vipers, or a troop of wild tigers. For the latter can only destroy the body, but the former can kill both body and soul. I know of but one way of dealing with such an evil, and that is to arise in the strength of him who said: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked for what a man soweth that also shall he reap," and put it away though it will not be slain without a very great struggle, for it is hoary with age and well fortified, and has been running at large so long. It crossed the Appalachian mountains with the early Kentucky pioneers and has for a century and a quarter dogged every step of our moral and material progress and with its ghastly hand of death spread a mantle of woe over our otherwise fair land, and now when the avenging hand is raised to strike the death-dealing blow it promises to do better and asks just to be let alone, but as we battle for our homes and county, let us remember the broken-hearted wives and mothers and desolated homes, also the blood of the many victims that cry for vengeance from the land, and last but not least, the many poor struggling ones that are crying to us for help, with outstretched hands, as they sink beneath the dark waves.

As we go to the polls on the morning of the 25th of August, let us leave our all behind. The lawyer his office, the merchant his goods, the farmer his stock and plow, the banker his place of business, the mechanic his tools, and the man of God his parishioners and present a solid front to the evening, and if possible wash away the stain that has blotted every page of our county's history, and show to the world that we have moral stamana and self respect enough to put away this hydra-headed monster so deep and so effectually that if possible its destructive work, and very name, may not be known, nor mentioned, by future generations. We want our leaders to know that their efforts are approved and appreciated and their hands may be heavy and ready to fall, but the rank and file are on either side, and like Aaron and Hur of old, holding up their hands until the going down of the sun that victory may be won.

M. L. D. COCANOUGHER.

May Get a Fortune.

Lexington, Ky., August 3.—J. T. Nash, a local blacksmith, is in a fair way to receive the $100,000 offered by the United States Government to the man who would patent a successful mail crane.

Nash's patent was recently tried by Government officials, who pronounced it successful in every way.

He has just returned here from Washington, where he was told that his patent would likely be put in use by the postal authorities.

In Great Demand.

The demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy here has been so great that I have scarcely been able to keep it in stock. It has cured cases of dysentery here when all other remedies have failed.—FRANK JONES, Pikeville, Ind. This remedy is for sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

SAM JONES

Does Some "Calculatin'" and Finds That Iowa People Are Worth 40 Cents Each.

Sam Jones, a few days ago, lectured in Sigorney, Iowa, and "roasted" those signed saloon petitions as follows: "This nice little Iowa town with a splendid farming region around it, makes it one of the garden spots of the world; but with all your blessings you can't get along without three saloons to debauch your village and ruin your boys because you need the money.' Here Mr. Jones inquired of the surprised audience: "How much is the license here? Some one has answered $300 per annum for each saloon in the town. Nine hundred dollars altogether, resumed Mr. Jones. What is your population? Answer 2,000. The speaker then did a little lightning calculating, and resumed: "The liquor dealer walked up to you and said: 'If you will let us damn this town, we will give you forty cents apiece,' Say, what would a 200-pound hog bring? Answer $12. So resumed Mr. Jones, hogs bring $12 apiece and folks forty cents a head. Say, brother, don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family wouldn't bring enough in this town to buy a little suckling pigs. That is lower d w than I have ever found them. For the pitiful sum of forty cents apiece you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed, and the town ruined—all for forty cents! This is cheap; but I expect that is all you are worth, eh? I want to drop this out. There is not a single man of you that signed that petition to bring saloons to this town or county but deserves that every boy in your home shall fill a drunkard's grave, and your daughters live in the embrace of drunken husbands. What did you sign it for, you lousy devils? If you did not want your boy to drink or your daughter to marry a drunkard, you damnable scoundrels, what did you do it for? Stand up on your hind feet and talk back. You did not surely sign hoping your boys would not drink but your neighbor's would. Why don't you say: 'To tell you the God Almighty's truth, I did it for the forty cents.' If the devil don't get you for it, it is just because he don't want you; and every man that will sign that petition—the devil will get the last man of you—but thank God he won't get much. If you fellows that signed that petition for saloons don't feel like a hog, you don't feel natural—that's all."

NELSON COUNTY

Local Option Speakings.

Stringtown, August 9, 2:30 p. m., C. L. Collins.

Bardstown Mass Meeting at Methodist church, August 9, 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

Balltown, August 9, 2:30 p. m., Rev. Father W. P. Hogarty.

Samuels Methodist church, August 10, 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins.

Bloomfield, August 12. 11 a. m., G. W. Young, D. D., State Supt. of the Anti-Saloon League.

Bardstown, August 12, 7:30 p. m., at the Baptist church, G. W. Young, D. D.

Bardstown Court House, August 13, 2 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D., State Supt. of the Anti-Saloon League.

Bardstown Court House, August 13, 7:30 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D., and others.

Howardstown, August 20, 2:30 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D.

New Haven, August 20, 7:30 p. m. G. W. Young, D. D.

New Hope, August 21, 2:30 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D.

Fairfield, August 22, 2:30 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D.

Chaplin, August 22, 7:30 p. m., G. W. Young, D. D.

Time will be divided with any speaker desiring to represent the saloon and present its merits, if it has any, to the public.

The Yellow Fever Germ

has recently been discovered. It bears a close resemblance to the malaria germ. To free the system from disease germs, the most effective remedy is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed to cure all diseases due to malaria poison and constipation. 25c. at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

JOHN Y MAYES,

Funeral Director
—And—
Licensed Embalmer,
SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY

Best Attention.
Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.
Telephone: Day, 19: Night, 74.

KENTUCKY PARAGRAPHS

Covering Entire State For the Past Week.

Four Men Killed and Two Wounded in a Battle in the Mountains. Other News of Interest.

Sandlick, Ky.—A report has reached here to the effect that the sheriff of Knott county, with a posse of 20 men, had a fierce battle with the Martin faction of the Hall-Martin feud, in which four of the outlaws were killed and two members of Sheriff Hays's posse wounded. The report did not contain the names of the killed or the wounded, saying that the officers had gone back to Hindman, failing to dislodge or capture any of the feudists, who number some 60 men. Another report is to the effect that the fight occurred between the feudists themselves. The Martin faction is said to be led by W. Yates Martin and his two sons, Silas and Alexander. They are now retrenched at the home of Martin, on Beaver Creek, and Sheriff Hayes and his posse are in the neighborhood. Every effort is being made to arrange a flag of truce and get old man Martin and his tow sons to surrender to the authorities, as they will not submit to arrest by force. Unless the Martins surrender Gov. Beckham will be asked to send troops to the scene of the battle.

OATH OF OFFICE

Taken By Lassing, Who Succeeds Paynter on the Appellate Bench.

Franklin, Ky.—Judge John M. Lassing, of Boone county, took the oath of office as judge of the court of appeals to succeed Judge Thomas H. Paynter, whose resignation took effect. Judge Lassing's active work on the appellate bench will not begin until the third Monday in September. He did not file his resignation as commiteeman from the state at large of the democratic state central and executive committees.

STATE MILITIA

Will Guard the Prisoners To Be Tried For the Broughton Murder.

Frankfort, Ky.—Gov. Beckham ordered Capt. Dishman's company, of Barboursville, and Capt. Longmire's battery, of Frankfort, to guard the prisoners Jesse Fitzgerald and Annie Henson, from Stanford to Barboursville and to protect them during their trial for the murder of Mrs. Broughton. The troops will be under the command of Col. J. Embry Allen, of Lexington, and Capt. Longmire will take a Gatling gun and 40 men.

SACK OF PEARLS

Worth $12,000 Gathered in the Ohio and Wabash in Four Months.

Paducah, Ky.—Henry F. Kath, a pearl fisher, arrived here in his gasoline launch. He had several sacks of pearls with him, which, he says, are valued at $12,000. He has been fishing for pearls in the Wabash river and in the Ohio for about four months. He will go to New York to dispose of his treasure, and has presented Capt. Young Taylor, of the dry docks, with three large pearls to be made into hat pins. They are valued at $200.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Was Drunk and Abusive, It Is Said, So Preston Killed Him.

Harrodsburg, Ky.—Near King's Mill, on Dix river, a farmer named Preston shot and killed James Broughton, his father-in-law. It is alleged that Broughton had been on a spree, and that he went to the Preston home and ran Mrs. Preston off the premises. It is also said that he attacked Preston with a knife. Preston emptied both barrels of a shotgun into his breast, killing him instantly.

Racing Judge Robbed.

Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Three men are in jail here charged with burglary. One of them, Martin Seaman, was pointed out by Col. A. W. Hamilton, the racing judge, as having entered his room. The colonel was robbed of $85 in cash, his split-second watch and other valuables. Col. Hamilton had a narrow escape from being murdered, as the robbers put a pistol to his head when he discovered them at work.

Robbed Him of Two Cents.

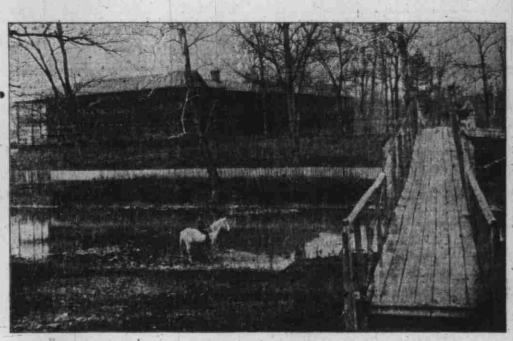
Irvine, Ky.—Frank Chaney, 16, received a sentence sending him to the house of reform. Chaney, it is claimed, saw a little boy from the country selling apples and caught him alone, when he threw the country boy down and robbed him of all that he had, two cents.

A Clash Narrowly Averted.

Lexington, Ky.—A clash between whites and negroes was narrowly averted during the parade of several thousand negroes, who were participating in the celebration of the "United Brothers of Friendship and the Sisters of the Mysterious Ten," a negro order.

Tatham Springs Hotel Open





The water has actually cured cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel, Rheumatism, Cystitis, Gastric and Intestinal Catarrhs, Jaundice, every form of Dyspepsia and many other diseases.

The scenery around the Island and Hotel is picturesque, the fishing and boating superb. Carey Island, on which the Hotel is located, is high and dry, containing about six acres. The Hotel is well ventilated, with broad verandas on every side, and is equipped with all modern improvements, and is conducted by Mrs. S. E. Wornall in all departments in the very best manner. The following are the rates.

BOARD, PER DAY - - - -	$ 2.00
BOARD, PER WEEK - - -	10.00
BOARD, PER MONTH - - -	35.00

Mrs. S. E. Wornall, Manager Tatham Springs Hotel

Wounded by Robbers.

Olive Hill, Ky.—During a battle with robbers who were in the store of A. J. Stamper & Co., Robert Blankenship, who sleeps in the building, was dangerously wounded by a pistol ball through the hips.

A Killing at Cash.

Elizabethtown, Ky.—Reports have been received here of a fatal affray at Cash, this county. Whit Handley and James Miller became involved in a dispute over a cow. Handley shot Miller, killing him instantly. Miller was over 70 years of age.

Kentucky Corporations.

Frankfort, Ky.—The following new companies filed incorporation articles: Star Foundry Co., Covington, $20,000; Verona and Mud Llck Turnpike Co., of Boone county, $7,000; Gregory Heights Co., of Paducah, $100,000.

Twenty Reasons Why You Should Oppose the Saloon.

EXCHANGE.

1. It never builds up manhood but tears it down.

2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.

3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.

4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.

5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.

6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.

7. It never empties almhouses and prisons, but fills them.

8. It never protects the ballot-box, but defiles it.

9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.

10. It never prepares one for heaven, but for hell.

11. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.

12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue,) but increases them.

13. In never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.

14. It never protects our property or personal safety, but endangers them.

15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.

16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, proffigacy, poverty, idleness and crime.

17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station house, prisons and chain-gangs.

18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.

19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but incites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.

20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes and all endearments of life.

Bigger and Better Than Ever

THE GREAT

Springfield Fair

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

AUGUST

15-18 '06

Show Ring and Floral Hall Premiums bigger than ever. Good band. Plenty free attractions each day.

FINE STOCK EXHIBITS

Plenty of refreshments of every kind to be had on the grounds. Everybody lay aside dull care and come and enjoy yourselves for one week.

B. L. LITSEY, Pres. A. C. KIMBALL, Sec.

The Sun and Daily Herald for $2.00

CASH for COAL

In the Future I will Do a Cash Business, Allowing Liberal Discounts.

Ahead on Coal



when the coal is purchased here.

We do not raise prices on every rumor of a miners' strike or a block on the railroads.

Not until the actual cost to us advances do we charge more, and then the increase is a fair one.

WANTED!

all Kinds of Feed Stuff

I AM CONSTANTLY IN THE MARKET FOR OATS, HAY, CORN AND ALL FEED STUFF. WILL PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES.

"Split Your Coal Bill."



"Easy said, but how?" We sell coal and give coal advice. Advice is cheap but coal costs money. Why not then buy that superior quality we deal in? It goes farther, costs no more and heats better. If that isn't an inducement, there isn't any. We've told our story and up to you to buy coal of us and save money.

I PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR HIDES AND FURS.

"I PAY CASH."

M. H. JONES.

WONDERFUL STATEMENT

From The LaRue County Herald in Regard to Local Option.

Not Only The Town But The County Has Been Greatly Benefited.

Farmers Are Happy Over The Good Results They Derive From a "Dry" Town.

LaRue County Herald: A few weeks ago there appeared in the Springfield Sun the prettiest first page we have ever seen in a Kentucky paper. It was the neatly arranged display of the statements of the Hodgenville business men with reference to the effect of local option at this place. Not only were the testimonials well displayed, but they told in words that carried weight with them that local option has not only been no injury to the business interests of Hodgenville, but that it has been a great help to the business interests of the town and county, some of the statements being very strong and very specific in this respect.

These testimonials dealt chiefly with the business interests and they came from the business men of the town alone. They could not have been stronger and they could not have come from a better source, but had the farmers of the county been interviewed they would have made statements just as strong and would have pronounced even stronger argument in favor of the adoption of local option in any county. Had the farmers been asked for their opinion they would have told that many men in their respective communities had been benefited by the change. That they would name families whose happiness had been re-established since the saloon went out. That many good, worthy men who formerly went to town and spent their savings at the saloon and got fined and put in jail or came home to their families drunk, could now come to Hodgenville and transact their business and come to their homes sober and with a bundle of goods for their little children. That now they came to town only when necessary and they were saving their money, putting in their time on their farms, making better farmers, more useful citizens and men who add to the desirability of their communities. They will testify that local option has added to the business opportunities of the town and county, and it has revolutionized the moral status of the county, that it has decreased the drunkenness ninety per cent, that it has given the young men of the county a chance to be men worthy of the name, and, last, but not least, they will state in the strongest terms that many sections of the county have so improved that they are far more desirable for homes and that this change has enhanced the value of farm property in some localities considerably.

This last statement may seem a little overdrawn, but it is not. One farmer told The Herald recently that before local option was put in force in Hodgenville it was actually unsafe for lads to be on the roadway from Hodgenville on Saturday nights and that it was not safe to leave his family unprotected at night. Young men would come to town, get a lot of whisky under their belts and on the road home pistols were fired and the night made hideous generally. Since local option has been in operation none of these troubles exist. The roadway is as quiet on Saturday night as on Sunday. The young men who came to the Hodgenville saloons do not come to town now except on business and when they go home they are sober. It was never their intention to go home drunk, but when they came here the temptation was too strong; the first drink led to the second; the second to the third and the third to intoxication and loss of the sense of propriety. Without the temptation they can come here and their manhood is sufficiently strong to carry them home sober.

There is no question that one of the greatest benefits that has been derived from local option in this place has been the indirect effect upon the moral tone of the country communities. They have been signally blessed in this respect, and people with children are not afraid to locate in our county for fear of having their sons ruined. People are not fools and they are taking these things into consideration, and the man with sons to raise who does not take them into consideration is not worthy to become the citizen of any county. It will in the end give us a citizenship that will do more to build up our town and county than everything else the people ever did; it will better Hodgenville and it will improve the county in every respect. If the farmers of Nelson, Washington, Meade and other counties which are voting on the proposition would take a day off and go among the farmers of our county and inquire as to the results every mother's son of them would go back home a booster for local option and would work for it not only as a moral proposition, but as a business investment.

Had All Eternity.

An old citizen, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you."; "I suppose so, Manda," said the old man, weakly, "but so fur as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it!"

Nervous Worn-Out

If you are in this condition, your nerve force is weak—the power is giving out, the organs of your body have "slowed up," and do their work imperfectly. This failure to do the work required, clogs the system and brings distress and disease. When the nerves are weak the heart is unable to force the life-giving blood through your veins; the stomach fails to digest food; the kidneys lack power to filter impurities from the blood, and the poisonous waste remains in the system to breed disease. Nerve energy must be restored. Dr. Miles' Nervine will do it, because it strengthens the nerves; it is a nerve medicine and tonic, that rebuilds the entire nervous system.

"Several years ago I was all broken down. I was nervous, worn-out, could not sleep, and was in constant pain. I doctored for months, and finally the doctor said he could do nothing for me. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and used altogether eight bottles, and I became strong and healthy, and now weigh 179 pounds."
H. C. CUNNINGHAM.
108 Ellsworth Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

FARMERS

Adopt "Pooling" Plan and Get Good Price For Their Wool.

Mr. H. E. Swain, writing in Up-to-Date Farming, says:

The members of Smithfield Local Union 1568, the first organized in the White Burley district, pooled 5,000 pounds of wool. Then we called a meeting and invited all on the outside to put their wool in. This brought our pool up to 7,000 pounds. All came in but three farmers, and two of those had burry wool and stayed out on that account, while the third said he would wait, and if he found we got a better price he would come in. I replied, "Not on your life; you are either in or out." But he hung around after learning our price, and managed to sell his wool to our buyer.

Here is our plan: After much discussion we decided, as we knew little about grading wool, we would not allow it to be graded, but offer it in bulk as ungraded wool. We knew we were small to take such a stand, but we knew also if we sold to the highest bidder subject to grading we could be beaten out of all our gains and more in the grading.

So we all agreed to make our wool clear of burs and tags, and to give buyers the privilege of thorough inspection. We made our prices 30 to 35 cents for clean wool; burry, 27 cents; black wool (we had three fleeces, 8 cents off; dead wool, half price. C. P. Woods, C. B. Wilson and W. I. Hiatt were our committee, with H. S. Swain secretary.

We arranged to meet buyers at Shelbyville the first Monday in May, and to them we submitted our proposition. Some laughed at us, others said when we got ready to sell they would bid, etc. Then the buyers themselves held a caucus. This was something new to them, and they couldn't understand it. They thought to stay us out, but we were as good stayers as they were. About 4 o'clock in the evening they came around and asked if we were ready to receive bids on the wool.

"Yes sir," we replied. "Put in your bids for the wool just as it is, and we will consider them, reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

"No, no, we won't do that," they said. "If you sell this wool you must sell it our way, or we won't bid."

Our reply was brief if not elegant: "You go to ——. The wool belongs to us, and we can keep it if we want to. We don't have to sell it." So we came home without a bid, except a bluff bid of 32½ cents, which we promptly accepted, and the bidder backed out.

On Tuesday morning we felt a little blue; but by 6 a. m. the next morning a new buyer appeared, and asked our price, etc. We asked 32 cents. He offered 30. We split on 31 and our plan of sale. This was the highest price paid for wool at that time, and it was the best sale made in this part of the country. We had our way, and received a cent above our minimum price.

The beauty of it is every one received the same price, and we made a reputation for having clean wool and of showing a disposition to do the right thing, besides demonstrating the fact that we could attend to our own business.

I am in favor of every union getting together and adopting a uniform system.

The lamb buyers said we could not pool our lambs, put we pooled 300 and sold on June 10 at $6.35 to deliver July 10 to 20, 60 pounds and up; balance $5.20 to go any time in August. These are late lambs.

MADDEN'S SONS

Have Gone to New York on Order of Their Father.

Lexington, Ky.—Edward and Joseph Madden, sons of John E. Madden, the noted turfman, whose wife, just divorced, married L. V. Bell, have gone to New York upon orders of their father. The boys were taken away from Hamburg secretly, going to Winchester in an automobile Saturday night and taking the 9:20 train east. The object of Mr. Madden in taking them away in this manner is not understood. It is supposed that he has heard of reports that his former wife had designs on them. She was here two weeks ago and bid them a last farewell just before she married. A Lexington friend of Mrs. Madden, now Mrs. Bell, gives some interesting history of Mr. Bell and a description of the establishment of which the late Lexington woman will be mistress.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

ACQUITTED

Was Mrs. Ellen Graves of The Charge of Killing Her Husband.

Georgetown, Ky.—During the examining trial of Mrs. Ellen Graves, charged with killing her husband, Squire Hamrick was introduced to show her purpose in hunting him was not murder. He said she had asked him to help her search and he had gone to the saloon at her request. Vic James testified that the husband knocked defendant down a year ago. When County Judge Yates in an opinion full of pathos dismissed the defendant for lack of proof, the large audience burst into applause which the officers could not subdue.

Arrested on the Roof.

Louisville, Ky. — Patrick Henry Woods and Jeff Gilkey, charged with having made and sold whisky without a license in the vicinity of Balltown, Nelson county, Ky., were arrested on the roof of George Hillary Culver's residence, corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut streets.

Met Death in Unusual Manner.

Louisville, Ky.—Lawrence Hart, the seven-year-old son of William Hart, met death in an unusual manner. He tried to climb up a horse's tail to get on its back, and, slipping, fell under the feet of the horse. The animal stepped on his head, crushing his skull.

Chamberlain's

Colic, Cholera & Diarrhea Remedy

Almost every family has need of a reliable remedy for colic or diarrhea at some time during the year.

This remedy is recommended by dealers who have sold it for many years and know its value.

It has received thousands of testimonials from grateful people.

It has been prescribed by physicians with the most satisfactory results.

It has often saved life before medicine could have been sent for or a physician summoned.

It only costs a quarter. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? BUY IT NOW.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, August 8, 1906.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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(In Advance.)
J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS
HON. BEN JONSON, OF BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY.

FOR APPELLATE JUDGE,
HON. J. P. HOBSON, OF ELIZABETHTOWN, HARDIN COUNTY.

CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.
ROBERT NOE

VOTE-BUYING.

Standing in front of The Sun office a few days ago we heard an advocate of the barroom say, in substance, that the whisky people expected to win in this election by the free use of money and whisky. In justice to the gentleman who made the remark allow us to say that he did not approve of any such method of "winning" an election, and placed upon this method the stamp of his disapproval.

We do not doubt that such "schemes" will be resorted to, but we have no fear that they will be successfully worked, for the local option people are determined that the election on the 25th of this month shall be unaccompanied by such nefarious high-handedness.

In every precinct in this county men—good and true men—law-abiding, honorable citizens have banded themselves together and have given each to the other a promise that they will do all in their power to prevent the debauchery of the ballot in their respective precincts, and we most earnestly believe that votes will not only not be bought on the 25th of this month but we believe upon that day will be witnessed the beginning of the end of vote-buying in Washington county.

The time is ripe for reform!

And the people are determined!

Everywhere—in every State in the Union—a great, surging under-current is coming closer to the service, and the mere ripples which we now behold will soon become mammoth waves bearing before them, on to the cesspool, a nation's corruption.

And our hats are off to the honorable men who are a-stirrin' up the trouble.

Upon the purity of the ballot depends the salvation of this great nation of States. Let the rioting as it were proceed a little further into the sacred precincts of the voting booth and the red flag of anarchy will float from the very dome of our National Capitol, a breath of hell will be borne upon the four winds, and every home in America will feel the terrible pinch of Rebellion.

Ah, my dear reader, you owe it to the wife whom you promised to love and protect, to the children whom you have brought into the world and to your own beloved county to see to it that no man high nor low, rich or poor, white or black, goes into the market on the 25th of this month and bids for votes.

Raise above him the strong arm of the law.

Point to the prison door!

And you will be his stumbling block.

The criminal cowers before determined manhood, and wails when in the clutches of the law.

But do not conclude that we are in the least apprehensive that a very great number of votes can be bought "for whisky" by whisky or cash.

There are not fifty men in Washington county who could be bought "from local option to whisky."

A man who has made up his mind to cast his suffrage on the 25th of this month against the barroom, it matters not in what walk of life he is, can not be persuaded to give his vote to a cause which down deep in his soul he knows is damnably wrong. That is too much like buying him to give up his Hope of Heaven; too much like offering him coin to malign his wife and to sell his children into bondage.

Therefore, don't allow yourself to believe that vote-buying could be successfully accomplished, even should there be no restraints put around those who would engage in it.

Probably a few densely ignorant voters would be disposed to consider "propositions," but we are constrained to believe that they are very few and far between.

Under all circumstances the casting of a vote is a very grave, and, indeed, almost a sacred, matter, but in a local option election it is doubly so. The question to be voted upon is a very serious one, and the "decission" which your vote helps to render will be either the means of continuing or discontinuing the barroom. There are hundreds of men in Washington county who are not "bothered," as some folks are wont to term it, with whisky drinking, but they are making an unrelenting fight against the barroom, because they know that in Washington county there are hundreds who are "bothered." A man is very selfish, indeed, who would refuse to assist in rescuing a neighbor's son, or in saving the husband of a noble woman.

If you refuse to do this, "it will come home to you some day!"

Are you not afraid that your son will fall into that terrible snare—the drink habit, and that you will witness his life strangled out in debauchery by that thing that you yourself placed in his pathway? Are you not afraid your daughter will marry a drunkard?

ARE YOU NOT AFRAID TO VOTE FOR THE BARROOM?

If you vote for it, and it wins, you are responsible for it, just as much so as each of a band of highwaymen is responsible for the murder of a traveler.

Voting for the barroom is a SERIOUS MATTER!

Did you ever think seriously about it?

Did you ever think about what it might mean to YOU?

THINK ABOUT IT!

And then see if something down deep in your soul doesn't say: "VOTE AGAINST THE BARROOM!"

Here is a question for you:

If this were your last day upon earth—if your were standing upon the very brink of eternity—with this ballot in your hand, and it was incumbent upon you to vote, how would you mark the ballot.

Against the sale of whisky in Washington county.	For the sale of whisky in Washington county.
☐	☐

That is a very serious question, don't you think? But it seems to us an easy one to answer. Candidly, don't you believe that ninety-nine out of every one hundred voters would vote against the sale of whisky under such circumstances?

But, another word, please, about vote-buying.

We can not believe that there are many voters in Washington county "open to a proposition."

Too much is at stake!

The sanctity of the home! the happiness of the wife! the future of the child! All these blessings and more depends upon the voter, and even our most ignorant will, to a certain degree, feel the responsibility resting upon them, and they will vote for local option.

Gentleman, this election can not be bought, and it will be dangerous for you to try it!

The watchers have been selected, the plans have been made, and the nabbing will be performed without ceremony.

ONE THOUSAND MAJORITY for local option on the 25th of this month!

Watch it!

HYPNOTISM

From Touch of Cold Steel Causes Excitement.

Boyle County Herald: Heber McGrath, the well-known Danville barber, spent last week at Hustonville, and while there assisted Mr. Gilleck, of that city. Thursday morning a well-dressed young man, looking the image of robust health, got into McGrath's chair and called for a hair trim. The moment the steel shears were put to his head he dropped forward apparently a corpse.

Heber was terribly excited and threw up his hands in horror. Other people in the shop were also frightened and a general commotion ensued until the proprietor of the shop, who had shaved the young man upon numerous occasions, announced that there was nothing the matter with him, that the touch of steel to his flesh had a hypnotic effect and put him into a deep slumber. He awakened after a few minutes and made a similar statement himself, but Heber wouldn't finish the job until a couple of men agreed to hold the customer in the chair.

He related a hair-breadth escape which he experienced as a bare-foot boy. His family lived near the Cincinnati Southern, and one day just after he had shed his shoes in the springtime he started to walk across the railroad, having forgotten that the touch of the steel ties to his feet would paralyze him. The moment his foot struck the tie he dropped to the road absolutely helpless. A tramp rescued him as a fast express was approaching. The gentleman is one of the best citizens in Hustonville and has many relatives among the most highly respected people in Danville.

Death of Infant.

Kentucky Standard: Charles Benedict Whalen, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Pius Whelan, Jr., of this place, departed this life July 23, 1906, after a brief illness; and the remains were laid to rest Wednesday, July 25, in St. Joseph's cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. J. O'Connel at the residence. The child was aged six months and was the idol of fond parents, to whom we extend sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Whelan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Simms, of near town, and her many friends here extend sympathy to her in the loss of the little one.

Nelson County Speakings.

Morgan Yewell at Russells School house, August 11, 7:30 p. m., at Greens Chapel, August 12, 11 a. m.

Morgan Yewell and Rev. Johnson at Lenore School house, August 14th.

"KNOWN HERE."

The Dog and Pony Woman Sent to The Asylum in Indiana.

Louisville Post: The woman of mystery, who, for several weeks, has been galloping up and down the country roads of Harrison county, Indiana, followed by a pack of a dozen or more dogs, has been placed in the county asylum at Corydon. Who she is or where she came from remains as much an unsolved problem as the day she first dashed down the road hurling defiance at the gaping persons in the fields who paused in their work to gaze at her. Mounted on a small pony, followed by the yelping dogs, she has caused a commotion wherever she has appeared. She was fairly well dressed, wore a short skirt of dark material and tights.

She made her first appearance several weeks ago, crossing the river from Kentucky. In Brandenburg she had been arrested for vagrancy, but she had money, paid her fine and was released. Nothing whatever could be proved against her character. Efforts to establish her identity have been unsuccessful. There are traces of refinement about the woman, which adds to the mystery. Recently the woman has been riding up and down the highways in Scott township and sleeping in the woods at night. A few days ago she was taken seriously ill, and the township trustee was notified. The woman was forced to accept charity, and she is now in the county institution. Her pony has been turned out to pasture, but the disposition of the twelve dogs has not been settled.

Temperance Speaking.

Texas, Thursday, August 9, 7:30 p. m., Revs. R. L. Purdom and W. M. Stallings.

Bethel, on Texas and Mackville pike, Friday, August 10, 7:30 p. m., Rev. W. H. Williams and Prof. T. C. Poynter.

Maud, Sunday, August 12, 3 p. m., Judge I. H. Thurman.

Willisburg, Sunday, August 19, 3 p. m., Judge I. H. Thurman and Prof. T. C. Poynter.

Valley Hill, Saturday, August 11, 7:30 p. m., Rev. W. H. Williams.

Rockbridge, Sunday, August 12, 3 p. m., Revs. W. H. Williams and Geo. F. Hambleton.

Hardins Creek, Monday, August 13, 7:30 p. m., Revs. William and Hambleton.

Mt. Zion, Wednesday, August 15, 7:30 p. m., Revs. Williams and Maxwell.

Brush Grove, Thursday, August 16, 7:30 p. m., Revs. Williams and Hambleton.

Tatham Springs, Friday, August 17, 7:30 p. m., Revs. Williams and Hambleton.

Freedom, Saturday, August 18, 7:30 p. m., Revs. Williams and Hambleton.

Marion County.

Falcon: Mr. Samuel L. Graham and Miss Phœbe Funk were married at the Baptist parsonage, in Lebanon, August 1, by Rev. A. C. Graves. Both the bride and groom live near Gravel Switch, where they are well connected.

Eight more men from the Bailtown neighborhood, in Nelson county, were arraigned before Commissioner Boldrick in Lebanon during the past week on the charge of illicit distilling. Joe B. Clark was found not guilty and was dismissed, but the others all gave bond for their appearance at the October term of the Federal court in Louisville as follows: Clem Williams, $100; Monroe Gilkey, $500, M. S. and Hughie Rogers, each $500; George H. Norris, $500; Daniel Knott, $100; Maynard M. Vittitoe, $500. This crowd is a parcel of those accused of operating the several "moonshines" that were raided in that community a few months ago and there are still others accused who have not been captured.

Three more convictions have been secured against those parties arrested by Chief Thompson for the illicit sale of whisky in the dive below the depot which he raided two weeks ago. Saturday James Short, colored, was found guilty and fined in two cases—for selling liquor on Sunday, $25 and cost; for selling liquor without a license, $50 and cost. Willie Miles, a colored lad about 17 years old, who was taking lessons under Short and had succeeded in disposing of some of the goods on Sunday, was fined $10 and cost, which has been settled.

Unnecessary Expense.

Acute attacks of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it. For sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.



Open For Business To-morrow, Thursday

Come in to see us!

The stock has been invoiced, and the doors of the "Big Store" are now open to the trade. Mr. Claybrooke has charge of his interest in the business, and invites his friends from over the county to call to see him. Our stock of goods is large and new, and up-to-date. Our prices are always low.

In the next issue of The Sun we will talk to you in a more definite manner.

ROBERTSON & CLAYBROOK



SYCAMORE VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Rasca Brown spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Keeling.

Mrs. Thomas McIlvoy and two sons have returned home after a two weeks' stay at Newport.

Lanis Clark sold to Calvin Shewmaker 500 locust posts at 20 cents each.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney and daughter, Miss Margie, of Taylorsville, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Jesse Thomas.

Mrs. James Oder and two daughters, Lucille and Christina, of Newport, are visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. J. S. Inman and two daughters, Maud and Eva, spent Wednesday with Miss Hattie Settles

D. W. Crow, wife and daughter, Effie, and Mrs. McIlvoy spent Sunday with the family of Felix Noel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sutherland were the guests of Mr. J. S. Inman and family.

SEAVILLE.

Mr. Edgar Sea is building a nice residence at this place.

We would be glad to have local option in the county. It would be a great thing for the people.

Mr. Bill Robinson, of Anderson county, visited L. H. and Edgar Sea Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Elster Graham and family spent Sunday with Edgar Sea.

The Maccabees gave an ice cream supper at Duganville Saturday night.

MEASURING PARTY.

Given by Womens' Missionary Society of Bethlehem Baptist Church Tuesday, August 14, 1906, at the Home of Mrs. J. B. Peyton.

A Measuring Party is given to you.
'Tis something novel as well as new.
The invitation is with the sack,
For use in bringing or sending back
Three cents for every foot you're tall,
Measure yourself on door or wall.
An extra bent for each inch give,
And thereby show how high you live.
With music and song, recitation and pleasure,
We will meet one and all at our Party of Measure.

Lunch from 3 to 10 p. m.

Dr. J. M. Burton,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, + - Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

If you want to buy a good farm read the list offered for sale by B. D. Lake.

When you want a picture framed remember I make frames to order.
G. B. TAYLOR.

A new and full line of fall pants. Early sales mean great bargains.
P. J. Thomas.

A proposition from Mr. M. H. Jones in this issue will interest poultry raisers.

The subject of Eld. Walden's discourses at the Christian church next Sunday, morning and evening are: "A Voice From the Flame," "The Saloonkeeper's Ledger," The latter subject is for his evening sermon.

STRAYED.—Three ewes, weighing about 115 pounds, strayed from the pasture on the Texas pike, on E. S. Mayes' place, last Monday. Reward for information.
GILBERT CARPENTER.

Big bargains for ten days to dispose of remnants of all kinds of goods, shoes, shirts, pants, suspenders, hosiery, etc.
P. J. Thomas.

All persons having claims against Mrs. Kate Green deceased, will present same properly proven to us on or before August 15th, 1906.
C. A. Green and J. C. McElroy,
Admrs. Mrs. Kate Green, decd.
This July 16th, 1906.

M. H. Jones, the hustling produce man, will give a prize of $10 to the lady bringing to the fair the best basket of eggs—basket to contain three dozen. Another prize of $5 will be given for the second best.

NOTICE.—Mr. H. B. McElroy having disposed of his interest in the firm of McElroy Bros. all persons indebted to the firm are requested to settle their accounts at once. Call upon W. D. McElroy at McElroy & Shader's grocery.
MCELROY BROS.

Next county court day W. B. Spears will be on the street as a public auctioneer, and from that time on will serve the public. Reasonable charges. Thankful for past patronage, hopeful for the future. W. B. SPEARS.

A GREAT PICNIC.—A basket picnic of the Washington county local option forces will be held at Pleasant Grove on Wednesday, August 22. On this day it is expected that local option advocates from all sections of the county will be present to discuss with one another plans of battle for the following Saturday, when the vote is to be taken. Dinner will be spread on the grounds and it will be free. A number of speakers will be present, and an abundance of local option oratory will be "on tap" during the day. Make up your mind to attend.

Rev. W. H. Williams has been assisting Rev. R. L. Purdom in a meeting at Mackville. The attendance was large and interest good. The meeting resulted in forty-nine additions to the church twenty-nine of the number coming by experience and baptism.

LAND FOR SALE.—I desire to sell 112 acres of land, situated between Willisburg and Walden's pike on county road. Good state of cultivation, good house, good barn, good water, well fenced, plenty locust timber. Good tobacco land. Apply to BEN EDWARDS,
Springfield, Ky.

The annual Bullitt County Fair will be held at Shepherdsville August 22-24. The management promises some interesting features, and the catalogue indicates an entertaining program for each day. Good order is guaranteed, and no gambling will be allowed. Admission 25 cents.

COURT DAY SALES.—S. M. Campbell reports Harrodsburg court last Monday as being well attended and about one hundred head of cattle on the market. Mr. Campbell made the following sales: Yearling steers from $13 to $17 per head, one bunch small steer calves at $7, fifteen 2-year-old steers, sold private, at 4 cents; several medium and common horses on the market at prices from $20 to $65, cows and calves from $20 to $30.

THE WEATHER.—For the remainder of August the weather is summed up as follows by the Government Weather Bureau: "From August 10 to 22 there will be numerous cyclonic winds, with heavy rain, causing damage, covering the greater portions of the country, being quite severe over the great lakes. These storms will be severe between the 10th and 12th, 15th and 16th, 18th and 20th and squalls between the 21st and 22nd. Violent storms will occur between the 25th and 28th over lakes Erie, Michigan and Huron."

Mr. J. Q. Goode, of Texas, this county, sold to Mr. Zabe Linton, of Springfield, Ills., a fine saddle and harness horse. The sale took place on last Thursday and the purchase price was $155. Washington county stock, as well as high-class stock throughout the State, is commanding large prices, and in view of the handsome money being realized on fine stock just now the Illinois man can congratulate himself upon purchasing such a fine animal at the price named.

THE FAIR.—On next Wednesday morning the Washington County Fair Association will open its 44th annual fair, and the prospects now indicate that it will be one of the most interesting in the history of the association. It is predicted that the crowds attending will be record breakers. Quite a number of new features have been secured and the entertainment this year will surpass all previous years. Last year no fair in the State excelled it in the quality or quantity of stock shown or in the closeness of the competition for the different prizes. This year the fair will be even better, if possible, as the value of the premiums has been increased. Aside from numerous rings ranging from $10 to $35, there will be a saddle ring of $60, a combined ring of $100 and a roadster ring of $100, double team $50, best turnout $50. The first day as usual will be ladies' day, when the handiwork of the ladies and the products of the farm will be shown.

EGG PREMIUMS

I want the cream of the egg industry of Washington county delivered at the fair grounds during the county fair. I want to see what we have and I want to show you at the exhibition what you ought to have. By way of encouragement to the ladies of this county I will give as a premium $10 in gold to the lady who will deliver a nice basket—especially prepared for the occasion—containing three dozen eggs. Size, freshness, cleanliness and color to be considered. To the lady who brings the second best three dozen eggs $5 in gold. For these eggs I will pay, on delivery, the market price. My object in this is to show the ladies of Washington county what it takes to make the egg industry more profitable and I expect every lady in the county to help make this a very interesting occasion at our fair. Bring nothing but your choicest eggs, see that they are perfectly fresh and free from strain or soils of every nature, do not wash them as this will injure the appearance of the eggs. You should not bring eggs over four or five days old—the fresher the better. Watch your nest and gather just as soon as laid, put them in a cool dry place away from the dust and flies. These are matters of importance in securing the prize. The eggs must be of your own production. They must be delivered on the morning of August 15th, at the fair grounds.

M. H. JONES

STATE BANK

For Willisburg Organized Last Saturday.—W. S. Gibbs Elected President.

Willisburg, Ky, August 6.

There was a large crowd at Willisburg last Saturday, the 4th inst, for the purpose of organizing a state bank here. Mr. Flitcheson, of Owen county, was here to assist in the work of organizing and gave the outline of the banking business. After which $15,000 stock was subscribed. They then proceeded to elect the board of directors, and president. A building committee was also appointed to procure a lot for the building, which they did, and they will have the building completed as soon as possible. W. S. Gibbs is president and T. J. Miller vice president. A bank is what we have long needed in this vicinity and we certainly think it will be of great help to this part of the county. The name of the bank will be "The Central Bank of Willisburg."

The singing school at this place is progressing nicely.

Mrs. Anna Burton has returned home from Louisville, where she had been spending a few days with her son.

Oscar and Miss Elizabeth Shirley attended meeting at Mackville Sunday morning.

Charles Hungate and sister, Miss Essie, visited relatives near Tatham Springs Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Nannie Pinkston is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Henry Cooksey, at Botland.

Mr. Stanley Mitchel and family, of Fairview, spent Friday and Saturday at the home of W. T. Wells.

James B. Hayes, of Chaplin, was in our midst last Saturday.

W. S. Gibbs is attending the Harrodsburg fair with some nice horses this week.

The local option committee for Kelly's Shop precinct, and, for that matter, all committeemen from other precincts, are requested to meet in the law office of Hon. W. F. Neikirk next Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Important matters are to be attended to and it is very much desired that a large number be present. Especially is it important that the Kelly Shop committee be present.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—While at work on cross arms on a telephone pole near the depot last Saturday morning W. S. Boggess met with an accident that came near costing him his life. While at the top of the pole the fastener on the belt which was holding him to the pole worked loose, and he fell a distance of forty feet. He was unconscious when his comrades got to him, and it was at first thought he was fatally hurt. However, upon examination by a physician it was found that his injuries were not so serious. His left arm was broken below the elbow and he was otherwise painfully hurt. Mr. Boggess is now rapidly improving and will soon be out.

Springfield Loses.

Wednesday afternoon at High School Park Springfield and Bardstown crossed bats in a game of ball in which probably more interest was taken than any other game ever played in this town. Both teams had been strengthened by players from Louisville and adjoining towns. The fans, when they saw the line-up, almost imagined that they were going to see the "Giants" and "Phillies" battle for world supremacy. The rooters for both teams looked wise and in their chestier and rasher moments even went to the extent of backing their judgment to the amount of fifteen or thirty cents (and the judgment of some, when the game was over, was below par.) A few opportune hits by Bardstown, a few inopportune scores by Springfield, great elation on the part of the three hundred Bardstown rooters, great depression among the seven hundred, some time, Springfield enthusiasts and the gentle reader may guess the result of the game. If he can not the score stood Bardstown 6 Springfield 3 at the end of the ninth inning.

Colyin pitched four innings for Springfield, and, while he was hit freely, the six scores that were made during this time were largely due to the miserable and inexcusable errors of the Springfield fielders who played more like children than ball players. After Colvin retired, Stultz pitched and in five innings held the visitors down to one hit and no runs. Fulton, for Bardstown, pitched a splended game, although we made more hits off him than Bardstown did off our pitchers.

Bardstown was accompanied by about three hundred rooters, male and female, who worked ardently for their team.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Springfield Post Office for week ending August 8, 1906:

Sallie A. Collins, Thomas Farse, Miss Katie Lynch, Miss Ora Marehead Henry Spalding.

W. A. WATERS, Postmaster.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Dr. J. B. Robards attended the Danville fair last week.

—Miss Gertrude Stoker has returned to her home in Bardstown, after a visit to Miss Myrtle Price.

—Misses Lydia Duncan and Abbie Kimball attended the Danville fair last week.

—Miss Effie Kimberlin is visiting relatives in Indiana.

—Mr. Will O'Nan spent a few days in Danville last week.

—Mrs. Will McClellan is visiting relatives in Lebanon.

—Miss Blanche Carrico, of Howardstown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. T. Clements.

—Mr. Logan Bosley, of Lebanon, spent Friday here.

—Mrs. Garland Thompson, of Louisville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George T. Clements, of this place.

—Miss Mary Sallie Carrico is visiting friends and relatives in Louisville.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Noe and son, Stith, are visiting relatives in Harrodsburg.

—Mrs. J. B. Robards spent Thursday in Louisville.

—Mrs. Nellie Thurman has returned to her home in Covington after a visit to relatives here.

—Miss Sadie Mayes is the guest of Miss Anna Fig Brown, of Lebanon.

—Mr. Evan Hagan has gone to French Lick for a ten days' stay.

—Mr. Will Timmons, of Lebanon, spent Friday here.

—Miss Louise Hamilton has returned to her home in Fredericktown, after a visit to Miss Anna J. Simms.

—Mrs. Robards, of Ashville, N. C., is the guest of her sons, Drs. J. B. and Richard Robards.

—Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Campbell and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Thompson, of Lebanon.

—Mr. Ferd Spalding, after a few days visit to friends and relatives here, has returned to his home in Bardstown.

—Mr. W. D. Huston, of Maud, was here Saturday.

—Misses Willie Knott, Cecilia and Robbie Simms left Thursday for a two weeks' visit to Mrs. T. B. Blanford, of Pineville.

—Miss Margaret Moore, who has been visiting Miss Margaret Spalding, has returned to her home in Bardstown.

—Mrs. Katie Neale and daughter, Elsie, of Louisville, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rod Neale.

—James Lampton has returned home after a visit to his sister, Mrs. Herschiel Smith.

—Mr. C. P. Wells was in Bardstown Sunday.

—Mr. Ruel Foster has returned home after a ten days' stay at French Lick.

—Dr. W. C. Grigsby, of Bardstown, was here Sunday.

—Mr. Will Curry, of Covington, spent several days at the home of E. S. Mays.

—Mr. Lloyd Haydon and daughter, Louise, were in Chicago several days on a business trip.

—Miss Ida Cavin, of Troutman, N. C., is visiting Mrs. B. W. Neikirk, of near town.

—Mr. Harry Reid and Miss Sadie Mayes attended the dance at Lebanon Thursday night.

—Messrs. C. T. and Hood Cunningham, Will McChord and Marshall Duncan attended the dance at Lebanon Thursday night.

—Messrs. Will and Evan Rogers, of Lebanon, were here Tuesday.

—Miss Mary Haydon will entertain with a Japanese Tea Friday night.

—Messrs. F. M. Martin, H. M. O'Nan, Misses Dorothy McElroy, Frances Martin and guest, Miss Lyons, camped on Simpson Island several days last week.

—Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Lyon are visiting relatives in Taylorsville this week.

—Messrs. Logan Bosley and O. C. Pace, of Lebanon, were here Monday.

—Mrs. Ralph Boldrick and children are visiting her parents at Lebanon.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McElroy and daughter, Elizabeth, are spending this week at Tatham.

—Mrs. T. P. O'Brien is visiting relatives in Lebanon.

—Mr. D. Baker left Monday to attend the Harrodsburg fair.

—Misses Myrtle, Bessie and Pearl Campbell spent Wednesday in Louisville.

—Mr. J. T. Featherstone, of Louisville, is here this week in the interest of the telephone company.

REMEMBER

We are ready at all times to give you a reduction in the prices of goods for

CASH

We have found that the Cash Sales we have been conducting during the summer have been very satisfactory to all concerned.

Grundy & McIntire.

—Mr. James Wharton, of St. Louis, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wharton, of this place.

—Miss Lucy Selecman has returned home after a few days' visit to her sister, Mrs. E. Carl Linsey, of Lebanon.

—Mrs. C. T. Blanford, of Tennessee, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Nannie Simms.

—Miss Pearl Conner, of Fredericktown, and guest, Miss Mary Sisco, of Bardstown, spent Thursday with Mrs. Katie Williams.

—Miss Marie Barber left to-day for a visit to relatives in Bardstown.

—Mr. C. H. McIntire and family have returned home after a visit to relatives in Meade county.

—Mr. Aron Shrager returned from Cincinnati last night, where he had been buying goods.

—Judge and Mrs. W. E. Selecman are spending a few days at Tatham.

—Dr. W. W. Ray and family have moved to Springfield, and are occupying the property formerly owned and occupied by Mr. W. K. Robertson on Main Street.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Boulware have returned from a visit to relatives in Tennessee.

—Mr. Morias Hansbrough, of Hodgenville, was here last week helping "The Sun out" while the editor of the paper and his family were in Breckenridge county.

Deaths.

Mrs. Fowler, wife of Mr. Joe Fowler, of Fredericktown, died at her home at that place Monday, August 6, and her body was interred at St. Rose yesterday. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Father Pieters. She was an excellent Christian woman, and was loved and honored by many friends.

A little child of Ernest Mobly, of this place, died yesterday morning after a brief illness. It will be remembered that Mrs. Mobly died about six weeks ago. Mr. Mobly has the sympathy of all in his bereavement.

Joe Green died at Mooresville last Saturday. He had been afflicted for a number of years and his death doubtless came as a relief to him. Interment occurred the following day at that place.

BROUGHT HOME.

Funeral of Robert L. Kelly Held Monday Afternoon—Details of Accident.

Lebanon Enterprise: The remains of Mr. Robert L. Kelley, who was killed by lightning in the mountains near Raton, New Mexico, arrived in this city Sunday night.

The following letter from Chief Engineer O. H. B. Turner, of the St. Louis, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Railroad, has been received by Judge and Mrs. A. G. Kelly, of Lebanon, an account of the tragic death of their son in Mexico July 24:

Raton, N. M., July 30th.

In regard to the death of your son, the late Robert L. Kelly, Locating Engineering of the St Louis, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Railway, will state that Mr. Kelly was engaged in making a survey from Cimarron Canon over to Taos, New Mexico. He was in the Moreno Valley, about four miles from Taos Pass, at the time he was killed, which was on the 24th inst, at 2:20 o'clock as indicated by his watch which had stopped at that hour. He was about 3,000 feet distant from his party and was working away from same while his party were working toward camp. When he did not return to camp for supper no uneasiness was felt by any member of his party until towards night, and they were not alarmed until too late to make any search for him. His body was found next morning, and, judging from the position of the horse and the body of Mr. Kelley, he was evidently walking and leading his horse as he still retained the reins after both he and the horse fell to the ground. The bolt struck him on the left side of the head and passed down through his body, tearing his left shoe badly. When he fell, he fell forward partially on the left side of his face.

O. H. B. TURNER,
Chief Engineer.

Frightfully Burned.

Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Burns, Wounds, Sores, Eczema, and Piles. 25c at C. J. Haydon druggist.

For Sale

Store-House and Dwelling

Lot contains a little over one-half acre of ground, has garden, barn lot and yard, one good small barn, coal house, fifteen fruit trees, etc. All buildings and fence new.

Also have a stock of General Merchandise and Store Fixtures for sale. Good location.

F. I. PURDOM, Texas, Ky.

The Woman Who Walked at Night

(A GHOST STORY)

By M. E. M. DAVIS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

As Sinclair drew near Mrs. Lawson's house, he slackened his somewhat nervous pace, and halted with an air of indecision. But Mrs. Lawson had caught sight of him from the porch where she sat, with a huge handbell on her knee, waiting for her boarders to come home for supper.

There was a shade of embarrassment on his handsome face.

"Mrs. Lawson," said Sinclair, with visible effort, "I came by to see if you would take Katharine and myself to board—"

"In the name of the blessed Lamb!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawson, staring at him over the gate pickets, "whatever has happened? What do you want to go anywhere and board for? Ain't the Catalpas—"

"It is a wrench to me to leave the old place," Sinclair interrupted, "and my father will be very lonely now that my mother is dead. But Katharine has set her heart on it, and if you will take us—"

"I haven't a sign of a room left, Alick," Mrs. Lawson broke in, "except the room on the roof," she added dubiously.

"Well, what is the matter with the room on the roof?" demanded Sinclair, whimsically.

He threw back his head as he spoke, and screwed his eyes up at the box-like structure planted on the roof of the low cottage.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Lawson, hastily, "nothing at all, except that it is so small. Besides, the stair is like a ladder. Katharine would never—"

"All right; I'll take it at your own price, Mrs. Lawson."

She was very beautiful, the golden-haired girl whom Alick Sinclair had brought, a bride, to his father's house less than two years before. The mysterious malady which developed shortly after her marriage, and which continued to baffle her physician, had robbed her cheeks of their color and bloom. But it added an indescribable charm to her delicate face and fragile figure. An unearthly expression dawned into her large blue eyes—a prescient gaze, as if her vision, like her sense of hearing, had become abnormally acute. Something almost akin to awe filled those around this exquisite young creature at sight of her strange and inexplicable sufferings. She had, apparently, no bodily ailment. But the slightest irregular sound thrilled her with nervous alarm; her attenuated frame shook with convulsions at any unexpected appearance; she paled at a whiff of unaccustomed perfume. She ate but little, and seemed to have lost the faculty of sleep. Latterly, a morbid distaste for the old Sinclair homestead had possessed her. She breathed with difficulty within its lofty walls; she was oppressed by the atmosphere of its shadowy garden.

The same night saw them installed in Mrs. Lawson's room on the roof.

The room was small. A four-posted, mahogany bedstead, with baldachin and side steps, occupied at least one-quarter of the floor space.

Sinclair, seated on the side of the bed, smiled as he compared this cramped rookery with his wife's ample dressing-room at the Catalpas. But he felt an unwonted lightness of spirit. He could see the reflection of Katharine's face in the mirror opposite. She stood with her back to him, brushing out her long hair. There was a look of content on her white brow; he even fancied a touch of color in her lips; her golden hair seemed to have regained somewhat of its lost luster.

"She was right," he thought; "the change has already helped her."

He watched with delight the rhythmic motion of her slender arms. Meanwhile he chatted gayly of his boyhood days, and the recollections aroused by Mrs. Lawson's motherly gossip. Katharine listened, turning from time to time with a nod or a smile.

He stopped abruptly, staring confusedly into space. He passed his hand across his forehead and continued his story. But the words were uttered mechanically. Was there—he was asking himself—was there something moving between Katharine and himself? Something faint and shadowy?—cloudlike? misty? Yes! No. He shut his eyelids tightly and opened them again. Yes! He could see it plainly now, the gray-clad figure of a woman with head drooped to her breast and arms hanging at her side.

"My God!" he groaned, inwardly, "now Katharine will turn around! She will see it! The shock will kill her! She will die! She will drop dead before my eyes!"

"Katharine!" the words burst involuntarily from his lips. He sprang forward with outstretched arms.

"Did you speak, Alick?" asked his wife, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes—no—that is, —" he stammered, a cold sweat beading his forehead.

The visitor had resumed her ghostly walk.

"Dear Alick," said Katharine, caressingly, "I know you must be tired. I will be ready for bed in one moment."

"She sees nothing! She hears nothing! Oh, thank God!" thought Sinclair, turning his hot eyes from the white-robed figure kneeling in prayer by the bedside to the gray-clad shadow moving up and down the room.

Katharine nestled like a tired child among the pillows and fell instantly asleep. Her husband hung over her in an agony of amazement and incredulity. Could it really be that she was sleeping? Was she not rather dead? Her regular breathing, the smile on her slightly parted lips, the soft abandonment of her limbs, reassured him. Yet, how strange! How long since she had slept thus! "Thank God!" he breathed again, drawing the lace netting over her.

Then it came nearer, steadily nearer. He saw behind the veil a pair of dark, sad eyes. A chill sensation quivered along his veins. He struck out savagely—at nothing.

He was awakened by hearing Mrs. Lawson moving about in the hall below. He arose softly and descended the stair.

"Mrs. Lawson," he demanded, abruptly, laying his hand on her shoulder, "is there anything—has anything ever been said about the room on the roof?"

"Don't say a word, Alick," she interrupted in an awe-struck whisper. "I can see it in your face. She hasn't walked before, not that I know of, since my mother saw her, and that



HE STRUCK OUT SAVAGELY—AT NOTHING.

was before you were born. I've never seen her myself. I never dreamed that she was walking yet. Lord, what have I done? I didn't want to put you there. Poor Katharine—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Lawson," he said, kindly, "Katharine has seen nothing as yet; but I have." He smiled grimly, yet with a certain sense of relief. "At least," he thought, "it is not quite madness. What does it mean," he asked aloud. "Who was it—she?"

"They say," returned Mrs. Lawson, still speaking in a whisper, "that old Squire Lawson, my husband's grandfather, had that room built as a sort of jail for his young wife, who went out of her mind, poor thing, and no wonder, for the squire was a terrible old man! He took her baby from her and shut her up in that room and kept her there by herself until she pined and died. That was before you were born." Mrs. Lawson was sobbing and wringing her hands. "You must take Katharine Sinclair away before she sees her. It would kill her. But don't say anything about it outside, Alick. My boarders would all leave me. I would be ruined."

Sinclair soothed the excited old woman into quiet. Then he remounted the stair. Katharine, in her white dressing gown, met him on the landing.

"I missed you when I awoke, Alick, dear," she said. Where were you?"

"Katharine," he began with studied carelessness, "I find this room very small; don't you? And Mrs. Lawson is well-meaning, but she is tiresome, good soul! I think I will look up more comfortable quarters during the day. Can you be ready to leave here this afternoon?"

She placed her hands upon his shoulders and held him at arm's length for a moment without speaking. Her eyes were brimming with mischief; a smile danced about her red lips.

"Alick," she said, "I know why you wish to go away. You are afraid of the woman who walked here last night. Did you think I had not seen her?"

Sinclair's jaw dropped. He stared at her with an amazement which was almost ludicrous. But before he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak Mrs. Lawson came panting up the stair and thrust a pallid face in at the door.

The house was on fire! In an incredibly short time the old wooden building was laid in ashes.

Sinclair and his wife returned to the Catalpas. It was Katharine who insisted, with a sort of gay perverseness, upon this. But even as they passed under the arched gateway the mysterious gloom fell back upon her. Sinclair, now almost as morbid as herself, could have sworn that he saw its descent in visible form. Her hair on the instant became dull and lifeless; her cheeks fell hollow; the red on her lips changed to a gray pallor.

A moth fluttered against her bosom. She fled, palpitating with terror, across the old garden.

Sinclair stood, hardly a month later, looking down on his wife's upturned face. Once more she slept profoundly. A mocking-bird whistled in a catalpas tree by an open window. The stricken man frowned and lifted instinctively a warning hand, but dropped it, remembering.

"What did it all mean?" he questioned, stooping to the face on its coffin-pillow.

The dead lips smiled, but withheld the response.

POLICE PUT A STOP TO SODA FOUNTAIN "JAGS"

Alluring Decoctions Which Have Been Appeasing Seattle Appetites Barred from Sale.

Seattle, Wash. — Society women down town shopping and young school girls of respectable families can no longer have their appetites for exhilarating intoxicating drinks satisfied at the fashionable soda fountains and temperance drink parlors of the city. Mayor Moore has instructed Chief of Police Wappenstein to put an end to the practice, declaring at the time that many respectable women and young girls were becoming slaves to the liquor habit through partaking of drinks thoroughly saturated with liquor at soda fountains. The owners of these places announced that 23 drinks for which there had been a large demand in the past could no longer be sold because of police opposition.

Such decoctions as "Louisville" punch, "champagne freeze," with



POLICE ARREST PURVEYORS OF SODA WATER JAGS.

"Kentucky frappe" and "frozen sherry punch," do not contain any secret as to their ingredients. The suggestiveness of the names, police officials claim, was fully borne out by the mixture when served.

The entire list of 23 drinks no longer served at the fountains afforded a variety of jag that no licensed thirst emporium advertised. The police authorities claim the sale of these drinks to women and children and even to male visitors barred after one a. m. from the saloons satisfied an appetite for intoxicants which must hereafter be appeased only in licensed saloons.

Until the revised menus of the fashionable resorts came out after the mayor's orders there was no clear understanding of the extent to which the sale of intoxicants was carried on at soda fountains. It was generally understood that a few liquors could be had from a friendly soda fountain clerk, but the rounders did not appreciate the variety of drinks that were served.

The police orders are to absolutely prevent any further sale of these drinks, and all the down-town fountains have withdrawn them.

IS VARNISHED BY HAZERS.

Youth Gagged, Bound, Tied to Tree and Anointed After Escorting Girl to Her Home.

Marion, Ind.—Everett Storts, 18 years old, escorted Miss Blair to her country home, after an entertainment in Van Buren. When Storts was returning to his home in Van Buren at 12 o'clock at night he was overpowered by a dozen young men, was gagged, bound and tied to a tree. Varnish and turpentine were used to anoint him, and then one of the young men declared he intended to stab him. A wet thumb was thrust against Stort's neck, and the varnish that ran down over his collar was thought by Storts to be blood. He is said to have fainted. The young men cut the ropes that bound him, and, after testing his pulse and listening for heart beats, decided he was dead and ran away.

Storts said he was conscious, and that when the young men left he walked to Van Buren, notified the officers and had warrants issued for the arrest of the young men. He had recognized Clayton Bradford, Coan Paxton, Elmer Brown, Charles Smith and Clarence Brown, and all were arrested on the charge of assault and battery. They pleaded guilty when arraigned, and were fined one dollar and costs in each case.

The young men said it was the intention to frighten Storts, haze him; and then let him go. They declare there was no intention of injuring him, but Storts does not see the funny side of the affair.

Hounds Eat Each Other.

New Albany, Ind.—Four bloodhounds, the property of Sheriff Raymond Morris, which were neglected by a farm hand in whose charge they had been placed on the C. Kraft farm, north of New Albany, developed cannibalistic tendencies and two of them were devoured and a third killed. The hounds, which had been in training, were confined in an outbuilding, and it is believed the three stronger brutes when starved to a point of desperation fell on the weaker one and ate it, and when attacked again with hunger another battle ensued, leaving only two alive. The final struggle between these two resulted in the death of one.

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SPRINGFIELD, KY.
Office in Hagan Block—Up stairs.
Phones: Residence, 71; office, 97.

MISS ELLA ADAMS,
NURSE
TELEPHONES:
Day, 49. Night, 109.

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C. C. McCHORD,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.
Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.
Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.
Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in court of Appeals.

MARSHALL DUNCAN,
—LAWYER—
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L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown	7:35 "	11:00 a. m.	6:06 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:50 "	9:06 "	5:22 "
Leaves Louisville	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:30 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown	6:12 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	6:55 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville	7:45 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

THE SUN AND

	Both papers 1 yr
Bryan's Commoner	$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald	1.25
Nashville American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe Democrat	1.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World	1.75
Home and Farm	1.25
American Agriculturist	1.75
American Epitomist	1.50
American Farmer	1.50
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Country Gentleman	2.00
Farm and Fireside	1.35
Farm, Field and Fireside	1.75
Review of Reviews	2.25
Lippincott's Magazine	2.85
Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Ledger Monthly	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.35
Sunny South	1.50

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Same including Sunday	8 20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week	3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months	2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year	2 80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year	3 00
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year	4 00

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The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

MAGAZINE SECTION. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1906. PART TWO.

DIVA OF GRAND OPERA.

SIMPLE LIFE FOR MRS. JULIAN STORY WHEN SEASON IS OVER FOR EMMA EAMES.

Noted Singer Flies to Husband at Italian Home as Soon as Last Note of Contract Season Falls from Her Golden Throat.

There are thousands of Madame Emma Eames' admirers who, hearing her sing this season, will think they know her well. They will have seen her in the trailing robes of Juliet, or the simple gown of Marguerite; dark-skinned as Aida or fair and white as the young bride, Elsa. They will find in her a neighbor, giving plenty of heart and strength and personality to those who weep or thrill as they listen. Sympathy is meat and drink to the singer; but, in the spring when the big theater home of her triumphs is closed, Madame Emma Eames flies to Vallombrosa where sympathy awaits.

As soon as she reaches her Italian estate she becomes Mrs. Julian Story. It is the beginning of the simple life; of household duties and dairy superintendence; of the friendship of little chickens, new puppies and old ponies, of favorite flowers in a personal garden, and the companionship of a husband.

Mrs. Story was reared in New England; Mr. Story in Rome. They have a luxurious house in Paris, but it is this sunny mountain slope in Italy that awakens a responsive throb when the home longing is keen and the applause of the public fails to reach the heart.

OLD VALLOMBROSA MONASTERY.

Many years ago, W. W. Story, traveling for his health in Italy found the beauty of the Appenines to culminate in the stretch of land known as Vallombrosa. The monastery of the name, founded in the tenth



MADAME EMMA EAMES.
A Popular Favorite of Grand Opera.

century, was in the hands of a few monks. The scattering of the monastic order was the first of innovations. The locality, famed for its health-giving properties, offers peace and immunity from the world, in a few hotels and sanitoriums. Two or three American millionaires have erected summer homes on near-by hill tops and several families of the aristocracy of Florence spend the hot months here in feudal strongholds.

The shooting box of the ancient Medici family, where the American poet lived and died, is occupied by his daughter, and Julian Story, because the spot is endeared to him through his father's memory, has built on a farm of many acres a great square tower and hall. Campiglioni is the farm, and Torre Di Campiglioni is the home, which signifies the happy abcde of art and good fellowship.

Mr. Story paints pictures, and spends his energy wherever his portrait commissions may take him while his wife is singing. To the visiting friend of the singer the 20 mile trip from Florence was a fitting approach to her beautiful retreat. The road which eventually led up to the terrace of Il Torre was tied in bowknots, and worked out like a puzzle. The puzzle was solved, however, and in the open living room or "loggia," Mr. Story gave me hearty welcome.

ENTIRELY DEMOCRATIC.

The girl who had been separated by professional etiquette from the great singer, looked forward with some apprehension to meeting a divinity in sweeping sun-embroidered velvet draperies. Soon Mrs. Story came out in a white duck skirt and a drawnwork shirtwaist.

(A. 50)

"It's simply fine in you to come. Have some seltzer!" cried the lady. A hearty laugh from the group on the terrace broke in upon her greeting and made her call hastily: "Don't tell any stories about me. Let us go over there," she said, rising, "one can never afford to miss a good laugh, and German dialect is too rare on these premises to be slighted. I often wish that I had one of my own, or that Joe Weber, Lew Fields or Sam Bernard could hear some of the attempts at English that reach my ears during the opera season. As it is, I can only enjoy them for a moment and repeat them afterward to some one who can perpetuate the incident. Oh! we have droll times."

Mrs. Story has a keen sense of humor, and quite loses herself as she listens to a group of story-tellers. Unlike most strong personalities, she does not rob those around her of poise and ease, but possesses the rare faculty of bringing out the very best that is in them.

After dinner that wonderful evening music came in for its share. The last Wagnerian production to the popular songs of the season was the range. A fragment of "Tammany" was sung by that voice which will go down in history, and the chorus was taken up in many keys by the dinner guests. All had heard the voice before, but it was not Madame Eames of Grand Opera who sang. It was Mrs. Julian Story singing to her friends.

From Above the Clouds.

The view of a storm-cloud from above is one of the most interesting sights ever beheld by man. According to a famous aeronaut, a storm view from that position has the appearance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above the storm-cloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray-colored vapor.

JOHN WESLEY'S "POEM."

Representative J. W. Gaines of Tennessee, Created Roars of Amusement in the House, During Closing Days of Session by Reciting "When Democracy Will Die."

"When the lions eat grass like an ox,
And the fishermen swallows the whale;
When the terraplus knit woolen socks,
And the bare is outrun by the snail;
When serpents walk upright like men,
And doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen,
And feathers are found on the hogs;
When Thomas cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze;
When the fish crew over dry land,
And mules on velocipedes ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride;
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls get to 'preaching' on time;
When the billy goat butts from the rear,
And treason no longer is crime.
When the humming bird brays like an ass,
And limburger smells like cologne;
When plowshares are made out of glass,
And hearts of Tennesseeans are stone;
When sense grows in Republican heads,
And wool on the hydraulic rams;
Then the Democratic party will be dead,
And this country not worth a ——.

In the Friends' burial grounds, in Salem, N. J., there stands the largest oak tree in the State and possibly the largest in the United States. It is now used as the "trade mark" of the New Jersey Forestry Association.

JUVENILE GARDENING.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION HAS A MODEL SCHOOL GARDEN OF A HUNDRED BOYS.

Practical Demonstrations by Department of Agriculture and Various States—Landscape Improvements and Beautifications.

Among the many novel features at the Jamestown Exposition is the garden work by school children. One hundred boys from the public schools of Norfolk, Newport News and Hampton, near the Exposition grounds, were selected by their teachers to carry out the plans for a school garden at the Exposition. Special trolley cars conveyed these young gardeners and their



THE 1000 YEAR OLD POWHATAN OAK.

teachers to the grounds, April 16, 1906, and under direction of Warren H. Manning, landscape designer of the Exposition, every boy was assigned to a small plot of ground in the garden and was given seeds to plant and instructions how to plant them. In these gardens are now growing beans, peas, spinning, carrots, marshmallow, parsley and other vegetables. They are attended by their little gardeners and are kept clean and free from weeds, most of the boys taking a special pride in their gardens.

This is but a preliminary training for the schoolchildren in gardening,—a trial heat, as it were, for the race next year. The actual work is to be taken up at the Jamestown Exposition next spring.

PRIZES FOR BEST GARDENS.

Those who have made a success of their gardens this season will be given preference next year and will have their same gardens. The Exposition Company will give prizes or medals for the best cultivated garden on the Exposition grounds and the young gardeners will be given some valuable lessons in agriculture. The U. S. Department of Agriculture and some of the state departments will have experimental stations and gardens at the Exposition as object lessons to the young as well as older gardeners.

The young minds among the visitors which have a bent toward agricultural pursuits will have an opportunity to learn much of value in the way of tilling the soil. They will learn when to plant, what to plant and how to plant, to get the best results. They will also be given an opportunity to study soils and their treatment, and how to enrich and improve them. Tree planting and transplanting will constitute another phase of Uncle Sam's object lessons, as are done at other government experimental stations. At the St. Louis Exposition Uncle Sam's gardens and the children's gardens proved exceedingly interesting as well as instructive to the farmers who were wise enough to appreciate the benefits to be derived from them. At the Jamestown Exposition it is expected the Agricultural Department will broaden its scope of instructions in many ways and surpass its efforts at St. Louis.

WILD WOODS BECOME PARKS

The landscape gardening which has transformed a wild woods into one of the most beautiful scenic parks, will also serve as an object lesson to farmers and all who have grounds to beautify with flowers, shrubs and trees. More than a million plants and trees are growing on the Exposition grounds, many of which have been transplanted; others are native to the soil. Among the trees transplanted were several hundred old trees, some comprising an apple orchard, whose trees were removed and planted around the thirty-acre drill plain on the grounds. These and the pines, cedars, dogwoods and other trees have not suffered by being transplanted. Even trees which were hauled many miles over land and water and planted on the Exposition grounds are thrifty. They have all been handled under the guidance of landscape engineers. The work has been done scientifically and skillfully. The results are seen in the fine condition of the trees. The arrangement of trees, flowers and plants of all kinds, in various parts of the Exposition grounds can be studied to great advantage by all landscape gardeners, and the unique fence of wire and flowering vines, is a study worth going miles to see, a magnificent model which every fence builder will find worthy of following. This fence is eight feet high, made of several strands of wire, and running over the wire in every direction, completely covering it, are vines of honeysuckle, crimson rambler, rose and trumpet creeper, making what seems to be an immense hedge of flowering vines.

HOME IMPROVEMENTS.

If the Exposition results in imbuing its many thousand visitors with the spirit of home improvement and with a determination to go back home and make of their own towns, or houses and grounds models of beauty and convenience, it will go far toward proving a national success.

Rustic benches and bridges, pretty walks under canopies of vines and flowers, shady lanes and streets and a thousand other interesting things at the Exposition are studies for the people, worthy of the most careful attention. It will not be an exposition of commercialism, but one showing the beauties of nature and the value of science in peace as well as in war.

RELICS OF JAMESTOWN.

Site of Exposition Battleground of Conflicts Between Early Settlers and Indians.

Of all the Smiths who have ever lived, Captain John is becoming the most famous, due to the prominence given to his doings, incident to the Jamestown Exposition. The romantic days of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith are vividly recalled by the old Indian and frontiersmen's relics which have been dug up in preparing the ground for the Jamestown Exposition. The site selected for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America was once an Indian village occupied by the Powhatans, the most powerful tribe of the early American Indians, who roamed over the country east of the Ohio River several centuries ago.

Near the State Exhibits Building stands a majestic live oak tree, the "Powhatan Oak," estimated to be nearly 1,000 years old, which was a favorite camping ground of the Indians before America was discovered by the Palefaces. Here the tribal councils of war when the only weapons in use were stone hatchets, stone war clubs, spears with stone points and bows and arrows. The arrowheads used were made of flint, chipped down to a cutting edge, almost as sharp as a knife, every arrow head representing many hours of hard and patient toil. Scores of these flint arrow-heads are being found on the Exposition ground, in excavating for streets and buildings. Some of them are broken, perhaps by striking some foe of the Indians in battle or some wild animal—in those days the woods about Hampton Roads were alive with deer, bear and other animals. At Sewell's Point are relics of battles are found were fought bloody battles between the early English settlers and the Indians and, according to old Indian traditions, this was also the battle ground on which warring Indian tribes desperately contended for the right of domain, long before the occurrence of the historic event which the Jamestown Exposition commemorates. The valuable fisheries of what are now called Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, the beautiful hunting grounds along the water courses and the many attractions peculiar to this locality made this particular point of land very desirable, and for its possessions Indian tribes warred with one another. Now, after centuries have gone by and the old Indian nations that once controlled this region have passed away, their ancient battle fields have been transformed into a magnificent international exposition ground, just outside the corporate limits of the city of Norfolk, Virginia.

Want Industrial Training.

Resolutions were recently adopted at the closing sessions of the American Institute of Instruction at New Haven favoring the installing of industrial departments in every efficient school system. The institute also placed itself on record as holding that in view of recent developments of dishonesty in high places and of the increase of crime in different directions, it is the duty of the teachers to persistently train the American youth in honesty, integrity, and uprightness.

FARM HIGH SCHOOL.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCATIONAL METHODS IN THRIVING KANSAS TOWN.

Consolidation of the Sod-House Schools into a Large and Well Equipped High School—Students Imbibe the Spirit of Village Improvement.

Actual examples of successes—of things that already have been done—are more convincing than a thousand plausible arguments to prove what possibly can be done. The Department of Agriculture cites a case in Kansas, showing the practical operation of a county high school, which has done much for Norton County, and which, if faithfully worked out, in other instances, would give a tremendous impetus to any other county in any state.

Kansas has local option in the establishment of county high schools. As a result several sparsely settled counties or counties in which there are few large towns are supporting such schools. Norton County, which a few years ago was dotted with sod school houses, and which still has many sod dwelling houses, now supports a good county high school in the village of Norton, a town of 1500 inhabitants, located near the geographical center of the county. The high school building is of brick, 2 stories high, over a well lighted basement, and is located on the outskirts of the village, where land can be easily secured. The basement contains furnace and fuel rooms, lavatories, and a gymnasium. On the first floor is a physics and chemistry room, a natural history room, a music and art room, and the rooms of the business department. The second floor contains an assembly and study room and two recitation rooms. The apparatus and other equipment for the work in physics, chemistry, and natural history are exceptionally good for a small high school. There is also a good library and a reading room with current newspapers and magazines.

The expense of running the school in 1903-4 was $9,588, including $4,430 for teachers' salaries and $5,158 for buildings, grounds, and incidentals. This was a year when considerable sums were spent for furniture, apparatus, supplies, and additional land. The running expenses for the first six months in 1905 were $3,775. Heretofore five teachers have been employed, but this year there are six.

NO FARMING TAUGHT.

Previous to this year the Norton County High School has offered college preparatory, normal, business and general science courses, but no course related in any direct way to the leading industry of the county—farming. The county superintendent of schools said that his attention had been forcibly directed to this lack in the curriculum of the high school by the experience of a young man who came to the school from one of the many large farms in the vicinity, took the four-year business course, spent one year in a local bank at $30 a month, and then concluded that he would gain in both purse and pleasure by going back to the farm. Such a young man, and there are many like him in the Norton County High School, would have welcomed an agricultural course, and would have gone back to the farm much better prepared for the duties of life than he was with a business training. So the county superintendent of schools and the other members of the board of trustees decided that an agricultural course should take the place of the general science course, and hired a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College to teach agriculture and other sciences in the high school. Secretary Wilson of Agriculture, while making a trip through the "short-grass country," learned of the enterprise, became much interested in it, and in response to an appeal for aid sent a representative of the Office of Experiment Stations to Norton to help start it. The president of the Kansas State Agricultural College also responded to a call for assistance and made one of a party of four that toured the country for eight days in the interests of the new course of study. As a result, considerable interest was aroused in the proposed new work, a tentative agricultural course was outlined, and arrangements were made with the three farm implement dealers of the town to open their warehouses to the classes in agriculture and furnish experts to give instruction on the mechanics, care, and use of farm machinery.



THE LAST SOD SCHOOL HOUSE IN NORTON COUNTY, KANSAS.



COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, NORTON, KANSAS.

STARTING IN AGRICULTURE.

The agricultural work of the course includes botany, with special reference to variation, development of species, hybridization, and the influence of light, heat, moisture, etc., on the plant; soils and tillage; plant physiology, farm crops, grain judging, and horticulture; farm accounts; farm management, including farm plans, methods of cropping, farm machinery and its care, and rural economies with special reference to the problems of a business nature that will be met on the farm; animal production and stock judging, and dairying. The teacher of agriculture reports that the implement dealers have given further evidence of their interest in the agricultural course by offering prizes aggregating $112 in value for a grain-judging contest, open to all young men in the country, and that these prizes have been supplemented by a $15 suit of clothes from a clothing dealer. Continuing, he says: "I am well pleased with the way the boys take hold of the work. Out of 70 boys we have 9 enrolled in the agricultural course, and I think most of the first-year boys will take it up when they get to it in the course. It is proving popular in the school and entirely free from the prejudice I had anticipated at the outset."

This is the nucleus of an important experiment in education. Norton is just in the edge of the great semiarid region of the Middle West. Agricultural practice in that region differs materially from that of the more humid regions on the one hand and from that of the irrigated districts on the other. The teacher of agriculture is thoroughly familiar with the agriculture of the region, and has but recently graduated from an agricultural college which is devoting much study to the problems of the hundredth meridian belt. The agriculture of this belt is extensive. Here one man works as much land as four or five men in the East; he cultivates three rows of corn at one crossing of the field, and does other things on an equally extensive scale. Improved farm machinery makes this method of farming possible. It is therefore of the greatest importance that much attention to farm machinery be given in the agricultural course at the Norton County High School. The cereals (corn and wheat) are the leading field crops, hence the importance of grain-judging contests and other school work relating to these great staples.

The county superintendent of schools has expressed the hope that the school may also do much work that will be of immediate practical benefit to the agriculture of the country, such as testing seeds for viability, or germinating power, and milk and cream for butter fat; treating oats and wheat for smut and potatoes for scab; spraying trees and garden crops for insect pests and diseases, and making plans for farm buildings, roads, water systems, etc. Such work could be done largely by the pupils at school or on the different farms on Saturdays. It would be educational and at the same time would make the farmers feel that they were getting some immediate tangible return for the taxes paid in support of the school.

The Homer Pigeon.

The homer pigeon, when traveling, seldom feeds, and if the distance to its home be long, it arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water, and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.



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CHAPTER XV.

The Prince with his English and Gascon army moved swiftly southward in battle array and Sir Nigel having recruited his ranks with the two hundred members of the original White Company, from the woods near Montpezard, joined the army and received the honorable commission from the Prince, to push ahead into Spain and discover the location and strength of the Spanish and French army under King Henry of Transtamare. The little band wound through the passes of Navarre and into the rugged land of Spain.

Sir Nigel had with him Sir William Felton, Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, stout old Sir Simon Burley, the Scotch knight errant, the Earl of Angus, and Sir Richard Causton, all accounted among the bravest knights in the army, together with sixty veteran men-at-arms, and three hundred and twenty archers. Spies had been sent out in the morning, and returned after night-fall to say that the King of Spain was encamped some fourteen miles off in the direction of Burgos, having with him twenty thousand horse and forty-five thousand foot. A dry-wood fire had been lit, and round this the leaders crouched, the glare beating upon their rugged faces, while the hardy archers lounged and chatted amid the tethered horses, while they munched their scanty provisions.

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, I am of the opinion that we have already done that which we have come for. For do we not now know where the king is, and how great a following he hath, which was the end of our journey."

"True," answered Sir William Felton, "but I have come on this venture because it is a long time since I have broken a spear in war, and, certes, I shall not go back until I have run a course with some cavalier of Spain."

"I will not leave you, Sir William," returned Sir Simon Burley; "and yet, as an old soldier and one who hath seen much of war, I cannot but think that it is an ill thing for four hundred men to find themselves between an arm[y] of sixty thousand on the one side and a broad river on the other."

"Yet," said Sir Richard Causton, "we cannot for the honor of England go back without a blow struck."

"Nor for the honor of Scotland, either," cried the Earl of Angus.

"By Saint Paul! you have spoken very well," said Sir Nigel, "and I have always heard that there were very worthy gentlemen among the Scots, and fine skirmishing to be had upon their border. Bethink you, Sir Simon, that we have this news from the lips of common spies, who can scarce tell us as much of the enemy and of his forces as the prince would wish to hear."

All night they led their horses, stumbling and groping through wild defiles and rugged alleys, following the guidance of a frightened peasant who was strapped by the wrist to Black Simon's stirrup-leather. With the early dawn they found themselves in a dark ravine, with others sloping away from it on either side, and the bare brown crags rising in long bleak terraces all round them.

"If it please you, fair lord," said Black Simon, 'this man hath misled us, and since there is no tree upon which we may hang him, it might be well to hurl him over yonder cliff."

The peasant, reading the soldier's meaning in his fierce eyes and harsh accents dropped upon his knees, screaming loudly for mercy.

"How comes it, dog?" asker Sir William Felton in Spanish, "Where is this camp to which you swore you would lead us?"

"By the sweet Virgin! By the blessed Mother of God!" cried the trembling peasant, " I swear to you that in the darkness I have myself lost the path, I——"At the instant, there rose the scream of a hundred bugles, with the deep rolling of drums and the clashing of cymbals, all sounding together in one deafening uproar. Knights and archers sprang to arms, convinced th[at] some great host was upon them; but the guide dropped upon his knees and thanked Heaven for its mercies.

"We have found them—caballeros!" he cried. This is their morning call."

As he spoke he scrambled down one of the narrow ravines, and, climbing over a low ridge at the further end, he led them into a short valley with a stream purling down the centre of it, and a very thick growth of elder and box upon either side. Pushing their way through the dense brushwood, they looked upon a scene which made their hearts beat harder and their breath come faster.

In front of them lay a broad plain, watered by two winding streams and covered with grass, stretching away to where, in the furthest distance, the towers of Burgos bristled up against the light blue morning sky. Over all this vast meadow there lay a great city of tents—thousands upon thousands of them, laid out in, streets and squares like a well-ordered town. High silken pavilions or colored marquees, shooting up from among the crowd of meaner dwellings, marked where the great lords and barons of Leon and Castile displayed their standards, while over the white roofs, as far as eye could reach, the waving of ancients, pavons, pensils, and banderoles, with flash of gold and glow of colors, proclaimed that all the chivalry of Iberia were mustered in the plain beneath them. Far off, in the centre of the camp, a huge palace of red and white silk, with the royal arms of Castile waving from the summit, announced that the gallant Henry lay there in the midst of his warriors.

As the English adventurers, peeping out from behind their brushwood screen, looked down upon this wondrous sight, they could see that the vast army in front of them was already afoot. The first pink light of the rising sun glittered upon the steel caps and breastplates of dense masses of slingers and crossbowmen, who drilled and marched in the spaces which had been left for their exercise. A thousand columns of smoke reeked up into the pure morning air where the faggots were piled and the camp-kettles already simmering. In the open plain, clouds of light horse galloped and swooped with swaying bodies and waving javelins, after the fashion which the Spanish had adopted from their Moorish enemies. All along by the sedgy banks of the rivers long lines of pages led their masters' chargers down to water, while the knights themselves lounged in gayly-dressed groups about the doors of their pavilions, or rode out, with their falcons upon their wrists and their greyhounds behind them, in quest of quail or leveret.

The leaders sat amongst the box-wood, and took counsel together as to what they should do; while from below there surged up the buzz of voices, the shouting, the neighing of horses, and all the uproar of a great camp.

"What boots it to wait?" said Sir William Felton. "Let us ride down upon their camp before they discover us."

"And so say I, cried the Scottish earl; for they do not know that there is any enemy within thirty long leagues of them."

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, "I think that it is madness, for you cannot hope to rout this great army; and where are you to go and what are you to do when they have turned upon you?"

"Nay," said Sir Nigel, "I have a plan by which we may attempt some small deed upon them, and yet, by the help of God, may be able to draw off again; which, as Sir Simon Burley hath said, would be scarce possible in any other way."

"How then, Sir Nigel?" asked several voices.

"We shall lie here all day; for amid this brushwood it is ill for them to see us. Then when evening comes we shall sally out upon them and see if we may not gain some honorable advancement from them. We shall have nightfall to cover us when we draw off so that we may make our way back through the mountains. I would station a score of archers here in the pass, with all our pennons jutting forth from the rocks, and as many nakirs and drums and bugles as we have with us, so that those who follow us in the fading light, may think that the whole army of the prince is upon them, and fear to go further. What think you of my plan, Sir Simon?"

"By my troth! I think very well of it," cried the prudent old commander. If four hundred men must needs run a tilt against sixty thousand, I cannot see how they can do it better or more safely."

"And so say I," cried Felton, heartily. "But I wish the day were over, for it will be an ill thing for us if they chance to light upon us."

The words were scarce out of his mouth when there came a clatter of loose stones, the sharp clink of trotting hoofs, and a dark-faced cavalier, mounted upon a white horse, burst through the bushes and rode swiftly down the valley from the end which was farthest from the Spanish camp. Lightly armed, with his vizor open and a hawk perched upon his left wrist he looked about him with the careless air of a man who is bent wholly upon pleasure, and unconscious of the possibility of danger. Suddenly, however, his eyes lit upon the fierce faces which glared out at him from the brushwood. With a cry of terror, he thrust his spurs into his horse's sides, and dashed for the narrow opening of the gorge. For a moment it seemed as though he would have reached it, for he had trampled over or dashed aside the archers who threw themselves in his way; but Hordle John seized him by the foot in his grasp of iron and dragged him from the saddle, while two others caught the frightened horse.

"Ho, ho!" roared the great archer. "How many cows wilt buy my mother, if I set thee free?"

"Hush that bull's bellowing!" cried Sir Nigel impatiently. "Bring the man here. By St. Paul! it is not the first time that we have met; for, if I mistake not, it is Don Diego Alvarez, who was once at the prince's court."

"It is indeed I," said the Spanish knight, "I trust that I am now the prisoner of some honorable knight or gentleman."

"You are the prisoner of the man who took you, Sir Diego," answered Sir Nigel. "And I may tell you that better men than either you or I have found themselves before now prisoners in the hands of the archers of England."

"What ransom, then, does he demand?" asked the Spaniard.

Big John scratched his red head and grinned in high delight when the question was propounded to him. "Tell him," said he, "that I shall have ten cows and a bull too, if it be but a little one. Also a dress of blue sendall for mother and a red one for Joan; with five acres of pasture-land, two scythes, and a fine new grindstone. Likewise a small house, with stalls for the cows and thirty-six gallons of beer for the thirsty weather."

"Tut, tut," said Sir Nigel, laughing. "All these things may be had for money; and I think, Don Diego, that five thousand crowns is not too much for so renowned a knight."

"It shall be duly paid him."

"For some days we must keep you with us; and I must crave leave also to use your shield, your armor and your horse. I have need of it this day, but it shall be duly returned to you. Set guards, Aylward, with arrow on string, at either end of the pass; for it may happen that some other cavaliers may visit us ere the time be come."

All day the little band of Englishmen lay in the sheltered gorge, looking down upon the vast host of their unconscious enemies. The sun had sunk behind a cloud-bank in the west before Sir Nigel at last gave word that the men should resume their arms and have their horses ready. He had himself thrown off his armor, and had dressed himself from head to foot in the harness of the captured Spaniard.

"Sir William," said he, "it is my opinion to attempt a small deed, and I ask you therefore that you will lead this outfall upon the camp. For me, I will ride into their camp with my squire and two archers. I pray you to watch me, and to ride forth when I am come among the tents. You will leave twenty men behind here, and as we planned this morning, and you will ride back here after you have ventured as far as seems good to you."

"I will do as your order, Nigel; but what is that you propose to do?"

"You will see anon, and indeed it is but a trifling matter. Alleyne, you will come with me, and lead a spare horse by the bridle. I will have the two archers who rode with us through France, for they are trusty men and of stout heart. Let them ride behind us, and let them leave their bows here among the bushes for it is not my wish that they should know that we are Englishmen. Say no word to any whom we may meet, and, if any speak to you, pass on as though you heard them not.

So saying, Sir Nigel mounted the white horse of the Spanish cavalier, and rode quietly forth from his concealment with his three companions behind him, Alleyne leading his master's own steed by the bridle. So many small parties of French and Spanish horse were sweeping hither and thither that the small band attracted little notice, and making its way at a gentle trot across the plain, they came as far as the camp without challenge or hindrance. On and on they pushed past the endless lines of tents, amid the dense swarms of horsemen and of footmen, until the huge royal pavilion stretched in front of them. They were close upon it when of a sudden there broke out a wild hubbub from a distant portion of the camp, with screams and war-cries and all the wild tumult of battle. At the sound soldiers came rushing from their tents, knights shouted loudly for their squires, and there was mad turmoil on every hand of bewildered men and plunging horses. At the royal tent a crowd of gorgeously dressed servants ran hither and thither in helpless panic for the guard of soldiers who were stationed there had already ridden off in the direction of the alarm. A man-at-arms on either side of the doorway were the sole protectors of the royal dwelling.

"I have come for the king," whispered Sir Nigel; "and, by Saint Paul! h[e] must back with us or I must bid[e] here."

Alleyne and Aylward sprang from their horses, and flew at the two sentries, who were disarmed and beaten down in an instant by so furious and unexpected an attack. Sir Nigel dashed into the royal tent, and was followed by Hordle John as soon as the horses had been secured. From within came wild screamings and the clash of steel, and then the two emerged once more, their swords and forearms reddened with blood, while John bore over his shoulder the senseless body of a man whose gray surcoat, adorned with the lions and towers of Castile, proclaimed him to belong to the royal house. A crowd of white-faced sewers and pages swarmed at their heels, those behind pushing forwards, while the foremost shrank back from the fierce faces and reeking weapons of the adventurers. The senseless body was thrown across the spare horse, the four sprang to their saddles, and away they thundered with loose reins and busy spurs through the swarming camp.

But confusion and disorder still reigned among the Spaniards, for Sir William Felton and his men had swept through half their camp, leaving a long litter of the dead and dying to mark their course. Uncertain who were their attackers, and unable to tell their English enemies from their newly-arrived Breton allies, the Spanish knights rode wildly hither and thither in aimless fury. The mad turmoil, the mixture of races, and the fading light, were all in favor of the four who alone knew their own purpose among the vast uncertain multitude. Another five minutes of wild galloping over the plain, and they were all back in their gorge, while their pursuers fell back before the rolling of the English drums and blare of trumpets, which seemed to proclaim that the whole army of the prince was about to emerge from the mountain passes.

"By my soul! Nigel," cried Sir Oliver, "what have we here?"

"It is a prisoner whom I have taken, and in sooth, as he came from the royal tent and wears the royal arms upon his jupon, I trust that he is the King of Spain."

"The King of Spain!" cried the companions, crowding round in amazement.

"Nay, Sir Nigel," said Felton, peering at the prisoner through the uncertain light. "I have twice seen Henry of Transtamare, and certes this man in no way resembles him."

"Who are you, fellow?" he added in Spanish, "and how is it that you dare to wear the arms of Castile?"

The prisoner was but recovering the consciousness which had been squeezed from him by the grip of Hordle John. "If it please you," he answered, "I and nine others are the body-squires of the king, and must ever wear his arms, so as to shield him from even such perils as have threatened him this night. The king is at the tent of the brave Du Guesclin, where he will sup to night. But I am a caballero of Aragon, Don Sancho Penelosa, and, though I be no king, I am yet ready to pay a fitting price for my ransom."

"By Saint Paul! I will not touch your gold," cried Sir Nigel. "Go back to your master and give him greeting from Sir Nigel Loring of Twynham Castle, telling him that I had hoped to make his better acquaintance this night, and that, if I have disordered his tent, it was but in my eagerness to know so famed and courteous a knight. Spur on, comrades! for we must cover many a league ere we can venture to light fire or to loosen girth.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a cold, bleak morning in the beginning of March, and the mist was drifting in dense rolling clouds through the passes of the Cantabrian mountains. The Company had passed the night in a sheltered gully. Here and there, through the dense haze which surrounded them, there loomed out huge pinnacles and jutting boulders of rock; while high above the sea of vapor there towered up one gigantic peak, with the pink glow of the early sunshine upon its snow-capped head.

The camp was loud with laughter and merriment, for a messenger had ridden in from the prince with words of heart-stirring praise for what they had done, and with orders that they should still abide in the forefront of the army.

"The Lord Loring craves your attendance in his tent," said a young archer to Alleyne.

The squire found the knight seated upon a cushion, with his legs crossed in front of him and a broad ribbon of parchment laid across his knees, over which he was poring with frowning brows and pursed lips.

"It came this morning by the prince's messenger," said he, "and was brought from England by Sir John Fallislee, who is new come from Sussex."

Alleyne turned to the letter, and, as his eyes rested upon it, his face turned pale and a cry of surprise and grief burst from his lips.

"What then?" asked the knight, peering up at him anxiously. "There is nought amiss with the Lady Mary or with the Lady Maude?"

"It is my brother—my poor unhappy brother!" cried Alleyne, with his hand to his brow. "He is dead."

"By Saint Paul! I have never heard that he had shown so much love for you that you should mourn him so."

"Yet he was my brother—the only kith or kin that I had upon earth. Alas! alas! He has been slain—and slain, I fear, amidst crime and violence."

"Ha!" said Sir Nigel. "Read on, I pray you."

"God be with thee, my honored lord, and have thee in his holy keeping. The Lady Loring hath asked me, the priest, so set down in writing what hath befallen at Twynham, and all that concerns the death of thy ill neighbor the Socman of Minstead. For when ye had left us, this evil man gathered around him all outlaws, villeins, and masterless men, until they were come to such a force that they slew and scattered the king's men who went against them. Then, coming forth from the woods, they laid siege to thy castle, and for two days they girt us in and shot hard against us, with such numbers as were a marvel to see. Yet the Lady Loring held the place stoutly, and on the second day the Socman was slain—by his own men, as some think—so that we were delivered from their hands; for which praise be to all the saints, and more especially to the holy Anselm, upon whose feast it came to pass. The Lady Loring and the Lady Maude, thy fair daughter, are in good health. May all the saints preserve thee!"

"My fair lord," said Alleyne, with a flush on his weather-stained cheeks, "I love your daughter, the Lady Maude; and, unworthy as I am, I would give my heart's blood to serve her."

"By St. Paul! Edricson," said the knight coldly, arching his eyebrows, "you aim high in this matter. Our blood is very old."

"And mine also is very old," answered the squire.

"And the Lady Maude is our single child. All our name and lands center upon her."

"Alas! that I should say it, but I also am now the only Edricson."

"And why have I not heard this from you before, Alleyne? In sooth, I think you have used me ill."

"Nay, my fair lord, say not so; for I know not whether your daughter loves me, and there is no pledge between us."

Sir Nigel pondered for a few moments, and then burst out a-laughing. "By St. Paul!" said he, "I know not why I should mix in the matter; for I have ever found that the Lady Maude vas very well able to look to her own affairs. Since first she could stamp her little foot, she hath ever been able to get that for which she craved; and if she set her heart on thee, Alleyne, and thou o[n her], I do not think that this Spanish king, with his three-score thousand men, could hold you apart. Yet this I will say, that I would see you a full knight ere you go to my daughter with words of love. I have ever said that a brave lance should wed her; and, by my soul! Edricson, if God spare you, I think that you will acquit yourself well. But enough of such trifles, for we have our work before us, and it will be time to speak of this matter when we see the white cliffs of England once more. Go to Sir William Felton, I pray you, and ask him to come hither, for it is time that we were marching. There is no pass at the further end of the valley, and it is a perilous place should an enemy come upon us."

Alleyne delivered his message, and then wandered forth from the camp, for his mind was all in a whirl with this unexpected news, and with his talk with Sir Nigel. Sitting upon a rock, with his burning brow resting upon his hands, he thought of his brother, of their quarrel, of the Lady Maude in her bedraggled riding-dress, of the gray old castle, of the proud pale face in the armory, and of the last fiery words with which she had sped him on his way. Then he was but a penniless, monk-bred lad, unknown and unfriended. Now he was himself Socman of Minstead, the head of an old stock, and the Lord of an estate which, if reduced from its former size, was still ample to preserve the dignit[y] of his family. Further, he had become a man of experience was counted brave among men, had won the esteem and confidence of her father, and above all, has been listened to by him when he told him the secret of his love. As to the gaining of knighthood, in such stirring times it was no great matter for a brave squire of gentle birth to aspire to that honor. He would leave his bones among these Spanish ravines, or he would do some deed which would call the eyes of men upon him.

Alleyne was still seated on the rock, his griefs and his joys drifting swiftly over his mind like the shadow of clouds upon a sunlit meadow, when of a sudden he became conscious of a low, deep sound which came booming up to him through the fog. He shouted an alarm to the camp.

"It is a great body of horse," said Sir William Felton, "and they are riding very swiftly hitherwards."

The Company stood peering into the dense fog wreath, amidst a silence so profound that the dripping of the water from the rocks and the breathing of the horses grew loud upon the ear. Suddenly from out the sea of mist came the sound of a neigh, followed by a long blast of a bugle.

"It is a Spanish call, my fair lord," said Black Simon.

"By my faith, said Sir Nigel, smiling, "we may promise them some sport ere they sound the mort over us. But there is a hill in the center of the gorge upon which we might make our stand."

"I marked it yester night," said Felton, "and no better spot could be found for our purpose, for it is very steep at the back."

The whole Company, leading their horses, passed across to the small hill which loomed up from the mist. It was indeed admirably designed for defence, for it sloped down in front, all jagged and boulder strewn, while it fell away behind in a sheer cliff of a hundred feet or more. On the summit was a small, uneven plateau, with a stretch across of a hundred paces, and a depth of half as much again.

"Unloose the horses," said Sir Nigel. "Now order the ranks, and fling wide the banners, for our souls are God's and our bodies the king's, and our swords for Saint George and for England!"

Sir Nigel had scarcely spoken when the mist seemed to thin in the valley, and to shred away into long ragged clouds which trailed from the edges of the cliffs, and the sun broke through. It gleamed and shimmered with dazzling brightness upon the armor and head-pieces of a vast body of horsemen who stretched across the barranca from one cliff to the other, and extended backwards until their rear-guard were far out upon the plain beyond. Line after line, and rank after rank, they chocked the neck of the valley with a long vista of tossing pennons, twinkling lances, waving plumes and streaming banderoles, while the curvets and gambades of the chargers lent a constant motion and shimmer to the glittering, many-colored mass. A yell of exultation, and a forest of waving steel through the length and breadth of their column, announced that they could at last see their entrapped enemies, while the swelling notes of a hundred bugles and drums, mixed with the clash of Moorish cymbals, broke forth into a proud peal of martial triumph. Strange it was to these gallant and sparkling cavaliers of Spain to look upon this handful of men upon the hill, t.e thin lines of bowmen, the knots of knights and men-at-arms with armor rusted and discolored from long service, and to learn that these were indeed the soldiers whose fame and prowess had been the camp-fire talk of every army in Christendom. Very still and silent they stood, leaning upon their bows, while their leaders took counsel together in front of them. No clang of bugle rose from their stern rank, but in the center waved the leopards of England, on the right the ensign of their Company with the roses of Loring, and on the left over three score of Welsh bowman, there floated the red banner of Merlin with the red-boar's heads of the Buttesthorns. Gravely and sedately they stood before the morning sun, waiting for the onslaught of their foemen.

"By, Saint Paul," said Sir Nigel, gazing with puckered eye down the valley, "there appear to be some very worthy people among them. What is this golden banner which waves over the left?"

"It is the ensign of the Knights of Calatrava" answered Felton.

"And the one upon the right?"

"It marks the Knights of Santiago and I see by the banner that the grand master rides at their head."

"You are right, for I can also see them. There is much Spanish blazoury also if I could but read it. Don Diego, you know the arms of your own country, and who are they who have done us so much honor?"

The Spanish prisoner looked with exultant eyes upon the deep and serried ranks of his countrymen.

"By Saint James' he said, "if ye fail this day, ye fall by no mean hands for the flower of the army of Castile ride under the banner of Don Tello, with the chivalry of Asturias, Toledo, Leon, Cordova, Galicia and Seville and the knights of France and Aragon. If you will take my rede, you will come to a composition with them, for they will give you such terms as you have given me."

"Nay, by Saint Paul, it were pity if so many brave men, were drawn together and no little deed of arms come of it. Ha! William, they advance upon us, and by my soul it is a sight worth coming over the seas to witness."

As he spoke the two wings of the Spanish host, consisting of the Knights of Calatrava on the one side and of Santiago on the other, came swooping swiftly down the valley, while the main body followed more slowly behind. The vanguard halted a long bow-shot from the hill, and with waving spears and vaunting shouts challenged their enemies to come forth, while two cavaliers, pricking forward from the glittering ranks, walked their horses slowly between the two arrays with targets braced and lances in rest like the challengers in a tourney.

"By Saint Paul!" cried Sir Nigel, with his eye glowing like an ember, "these appear to be two very worthy and debonair gentlemen. I do not call to mind when I have seen any people who seemed of so great a heart and so high of enterprise. We have our horses, Sir William: shall he not relieve them of any vow which they may have upon their souls?"

Felton's reply was to bound upon his charger, and to urge it down the slope, while Sir Nigel followed not three spear's-lengths behind him. It was a rugged course, rocky and uneven, yet the two knights, choosing their men, dashed onwards at the top of their speed, while the gallant Spaniards flew as swiftly to meet them. The one to whom Felton found himself opposed was a tall stripling with a stag's head upon his shield, while Sir Nigel's man was broad and squat, with plain steel harness, and a pink and white torse bound round his helmet. The first struck Felton on the target with such force as to split it from side to side, but Sir William's lance crashed through the camail which shielded the Spaniard's throat, and he fell, screaming hoarsely, to the ground. Carried away by the heat and madness of fight, the English knight never drew rein, but charged straight on into the array of the Knights of Calatrava. Long time the silent ranks upon the hill could see a swirl and eddy deep down in the heart of the Spanish column, with a circle of rearing chargers and flashing blades. Here and there tossed the white plume of the English helmet, rising and falling like the foam upon a wave, with the fierce gleam and sparkle ever circling round it, until at last it had sunk from view, and another brave man had turned war to peace.

Sir Nigel, meanwhile, had found a foeman worthy of his steel, for his opponent was none other than Sebastian Gomez, the picked lance of the monkish Knights of Santiago, who had won fame in a hundred bloody combats with the Moors of Andalusia. So fierce was their meeting that their spears shivered up to the very grasp, and the horses reared backwards until it seemed that they must crash down upon their riders. Yet with consummate horsemanship they both swung round in a long curvet, and then plucking out their swords they lashed at each other like two lusty smiths hammering upon their anvil. The chargers spun round each others, biting and striking, while the two blades wheeled and whizzed and circled in gleams of dazzling light. Cut, parry, and thrust followed so swiftly upon each others that the eye could not follow them, until at last coming thigh to thigh, they cast their arms around each other and rolled off their saddles to the ground. The heavier Spaniard threw himself upon his enemy, and pinning him down beneath him raised his sword to slay him, while a shout of triumph rose from the ranks of his countrymen. But the fatal blow never fell, for even as his arm quivered before descending, the Spaniard gave a shudder, and stiffening himself, rolled heavily over upon his side, with the blood gushing from his arm-pit and from the slit of his vizor. Sir Nigel sprang to his feet with his bloody dagger in his left hand and gazed down upon his adversary, but the fatal and sudden stab in the vital spot, which the Spaniard had exposed by raising his arm, had proved instantly mortal. The Englishman leaped upon his horse and made for the hill, at the very instant that a yell of rage from a thousand voices and the clang of a score of bugles announced the Spanish onset.

CHAPTER XVII.

But the islanders were ready and eager for the encounter. With feet firmly planted, their sleeves rolled back to give free play to their muscles, their long yellow bow-staves in their left hands, and their quivers slung to the front, they had waited in the four-deep harrow formation which gave strength to their array, and yet permitted every man to draw his arrow freely without harm to those in front.

On swept the Spaniards, over the level and up to the slope, ere they met the blinding storm of the English arrows. Down went the whole ranks in a whirl of mad confusion, horses plunging and kicking, bewildered men falling, rising, staggering on or back, while ever new lines of horsemen came spurring through the gaps and urged their chargers up the fatal slope. All around him, Alleyne could hear the stern, short orders of the master-bowmen, while the air was filled with the keen twanging of the strings and the swish and patter of the shafts. Right across the foot of the hill there had sprung up a long wall of struggling horses and stricken men, which ever grew and heightened as fresh squadrons poured on the attack. So for five long minutes the gallant horsemen of Spain and of France strove ever and again to force a passage, until the low wailing note of a bugle called them back, and they rode slowly out of bow-shot, leaving their best and their bravest in the ghastly, blood-mottled heap behind them.

But there was little rest for the victors. Whilst the knights had charged them in front, the slingers had crept round upon either flank and had gained a footing upon the cliffs and behind the outlying rocks. A storm of stones broke suddenly upon the defenders, who, drawn up in lines upon the exposed summit, offered a fair mark to their hidden foes. Johnston, the old archer, was struck upon the temple and fell dead without a groan, while fifteen of his bowmen and six of the men-at-arms were struck down at the same moment. The others lay on their faces to avoid the deadly hail, while at each side of the plateau a fringe of bowmen exchanged shots with the slingers and crossbowmen among the rocks, aiming mainly at those who had swarmed up the cliffs and bursting into laughter and cheers when a well-aimed shaft brought one of their opponents toppling down from his lofty perch.

"By Saint Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, plucking the patch from his eye, "I think that I am now clear of my vow, for this Spanish knight was a person from whom much honor might be won. Indeed, he was a very worthy gentleman, of good courage, and great hardiness, and it grieves me that he should have come by such a hurt."

"Nigel!" cried Sir Simon Burley, hurrying up with consternation upon his face. "Aylward tells me that there are not ten score arrows left in all their sheaves. See! they are springing from their horses, and cutting their sollerets that they may rush upon us. Might we not even now make a retreat?"

"My soul will retreat from my body first," cried the little knight. "Here I am, and here I bide, while God gives me strength to lift a sword."

"And so say I!" shouted Sir Oliver, throwing his mace high into the air and catching it again by the handle.

"To your arms, men!" cried Sir Nigel. "Shoot while you may and then out sword, and let us live or die together!"

Then uprose from the hill in the rugged Calabrian valley a sound such as had not been heard in those parts before, nor was again, until the streams which rippled amid the rocks had been frozen by over four hundred winters and thawed by as many returning springs. Deep and full and strong it thundered down the ravine, the fierce battle-call of a warrior race, the last stern welcome to who so should join with them in that world-old game where the stake is death. Thrice it swelled forth and thrice it sank away, echoing and reverberating amidst the crags. Then, with set faces, the Company rose up among the storm of stones, and looked down upon the thousands who sped swiftly up the slope against them. Horse and spear had been set aside, but on foot, with sword and battle-axe, their broad shields slung in front of them, the chivalry of Spain rushed to the attack.

And now arose a struggle so fell, so long, so evenly sustained, that even now the memory of it is handed down amongst the Calabrian mountaineers, and the ill-omened knoll is still pointed out by fathers to their children as the "Altura de los Ingleses," where the men from across the seas fought the great fight with the knights of the south. The last arrow was quickly shot, nor could the slingers hurl their stones, so close were friend and foe. From side to side stretched the thin line of the English, lightly armed and quick-footed, while against it stormed and raged the pressing throng of fiery Spaniards and of gallant Bretons. The clink of crossing sword-blades, the dull thudding of heavy blows, the panting and gasping of weary and wounded men, all rose together in a wild, long-drawn note, which swelled upwards to the ears of the wondering peasants who looked down from the edges of the cliffs upon the swaying turmoil of the battle beneath them. Back and forward reeled the leopard banner, now borne up the slope by the rush and weight of the onslaught, now pushing downwards again as Sir Nigel, Burley, and Black Simon, with their veteran men-at-arms, flung themselves madly into the fray. Alleyne, at his lord's right hand, found himself swept hither and thither in the desperate struggle, exchanging savage thrusts one instant with a Spanish cavalier, and the next torn away by the whirl of men and dashed up against some new antagonist. To the right Sir Oliver, Aylward, Hordle John, and the bowmen of the Company fought furiously against the monkish Knights of Santiago, who were led up the hill by their prior—a great-deep-chested man, who wore a brown monastic habit over his suit of mail. Three archers he slew in three giant strokes, but Sir Oliver flung his arms round him, and the two, staggering and straining, reeled backwards and fell, locked in each other's grasp, over the edge of the steep cliff which flanked the hill. In vain his knights stormed and raved against the thin line which marred their path; the sword of Aylward and the great axe of John gleamed in the forefront of the battle and huge jagged pieces of rock, hurled by the strong arms of the bowmen, crashed and hurtled amid their ranks. Slowly they gave back down the hill, the archers still hanging upon their skirts, with a long litter of writhing and twisted figures to mark the course which they had taken. At the same instant the Welshmen upon the left, led on by the Scotch earl, had charged out from among the rocks which sheltered them, and by the fury of their outfall had driven the Spaniards in front of them in headlong flight down the hill. In the centre only things seemed to be going ill with the defenders. Black Simon was down—dying, as he would wish to have died, like a grim old wolf in its lair with a ring of his slain around him. Twice Sir Nigel had been overborne, and twice Alleyne had fought over him until he had staggered to his feet once more. Burley lay senseless, stunned by a blow from a mace, and half of the men-at-arms lay littered upon the ground around him. Sir Nigel's shield was broken, his crest shorn, his armor cut and smashed, and the vizor torn from his helmet; yet he sprang hither and thither with light foot and ready hand, engaging two Bretons and a Spaniard at the same instant thrusting, stooping, dashing in, springing out—while Alleyne still fought by his side, stemming with a handful of men the fierce tide which surged up against them. Yet it would have fared ill with them had not the archers from either side closed in upon the flanks of the attackers, and pressed them very slowly and foot by foot down the long slope, until they were on the plain once more, where their fellows were already rallying for a fresh assault.

But terrible indeed was the cost at which the last had been repelled. Of the three hundred and seventy men who had held the crest, one hundred and seventy-two were left standing, many of whom were sorely wounded and weak from loss of blood. Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, Sir Richard Causton, Sir Simon Burley, Black Simon, Johnston, a hundred and fifty archers, and forty-seven men-at-arms had fallen, while the pitiless hail of stones was already whizzing and piping once more about their ears, threatening every instant to further reduce their numbers.

Sir Nigel looked about him at his shattered ranks, and his face flushed with a soldier's pride.

"By St. Paul!" he cried, "I have fought in many a little bickering, but never one that I would be more loth to have missed than this. But you are wounded, Alleyne?"

"It is nought," answered his squire, stanching the blood which dripped from a sword-cut across his forehead.

"These gentlemen of Spain seem to be most courteous and worthy people. I see that they are already forming to continue this debate with us. Form up the bowmen two deep instead of four. By my faith! some very braye men have gone from among us. Aylward, you are a trusty soldier, for all that your shoulder has never felt accolade, nor your heels worn the gold spurs. Do you take charge of the right; I will hold the center, and you, my Lord of Angus, the left."

"Ho! for Sir Samkin Aylward!" cried a rough voice among the archers, and a roar of laughter greeted their new leader.

"By my hilt!" said the old bowman, "I never thought to lead a wing in a stricken field. Stand close, camarades, for, by these finger-bones! we must play the man this day."

"Come hither, Alleyne," said Sir Nigel, walking back to the edge of the cliff which formed the rear of their position. "And you, Norbury," he continued, beckoning to the squire of Sir Oliver, "do you also come here."

The two squires hurried across to him, and the three stood looking down into the rocky ravine which lay a hundred and fifty feet beneath them.

"The prince must hear of how things are with us," said the knight. "Another onfall we may withstand, but they are many and we are few, so that the time must come when we can no longer form line across the hill. Yet if help were brought us we might hold the crest until it comes. See yonder horses which stray among the rocks beneath us?"

"I see them my fair lord."

"And see yonder path which winds along the hill upon the further end of the valley?"

"I see it."

"Were you on those horses, and riding

up yonder track, steep and rough as it is, I think that ye might gain the valley beyond; then on to the prince, and tell him how we fare."

"But, my fair lord, how can we hope to reach the horses?" asked Norbury.

"Ye cannot go round to them, for they would be upon ye ere ye could could come to them. Think ye that ye have heart enough to clamber down this cliff?"

"Had we but a rope."

"There is one here. It is but one hundred feet long, and for the rest ye must trust to God and to your fingers. Can you try it, Alleyne?"

"With all my heart, my dear lord, but how can I leave you in such a strait?"

"Nay, it is to serve me that ye go. And you, Norbury?"

The silent squire said nothing, but he took up the rope, and, having examined it, he tied one end firmly round a projecting rock. Then he cast off his breastplate, thigh pieces, and greaves, while Alleyne followed his example.

"Tell Chandos, or Calverley, or Knolles, should the prince have gone forward," cried Sir Nigel. "Now may God speed ye, for ye are brave and worthy men."

It was, indeed, a task which might make the heart of the bravest sink within him. The thin cord dangling down the face of the brown cliff seemed from above to reach little more than half-way down it. Beyond stretched the rugged rock, wet and shining, with a green tuft here and there thrusting out from it, but little sign of ridge or foothold. Far below the jagged points of the boulders bristled up, dark and menacing. Norbury tugged thrice with all his strength upon the cord, and then lowered himself over the edge, while a hundred anxious faces peered over at him as he slowly clambered downwards to the end of the rope. Twice he stretched out his foot, and twice he failed to reach the point at which he aimed, but even as he swung himself for a third effort a stone from a sling buzzed like a wasp from amid the rocks and struck him full upon the side of his head. His grasp relaxed, his feet slipped, and in an instant he was a crushed and mangled corpse upon the sharp ridges beneath him.

"If I have no better fortune," said Alleyne, leading Sir Nigel aside. "I pray you, my dear lord, that you will give my humble service to the Lady Maude, and say to her that I was ever her true servant and most unworthy cavalier."

The old knight said no word, but he put a hand on either shoulder, and kissed his squire, with the tears shining in his eyes. Alleyne sprang to the rope, and sliding swiftly down, soon found himself at its extremity. From above it seemed as though rope and cliff were well-nigh touching, but now, when swinging a hundred feet down, the squire found that he could scarce reach the face of the rock with his foot, and that it was as smooth as glass, with no resting-place where a mouse could stand. Some three feet lower, however, his eye lit upon a long jagged crack which slanted downwards, and this he must reach if he would save not only his own poor life, but that of the eight-score men above him. Yet it were madness to spring for that narrow slit with nought but the wet, smooth rock to cling to. He swung for a moment, full of thought, and even as he hung there another of the hellish stones sang through his curls, and struck a clip from the face of the cliff. Up he clambered a few feet, drew up the loose end after him, ensluing his belt, held on with knee and with elbow while he spliced the long tough leathern belt to the end of the cord: then lowering himself as far as he could go, he swung backwards and forwards until his hand reached the crack, then he left the rope and clung to the face of the cliff. Another stone struck him on the side, and he heard a sound like a breaking stick, with a keen stabbing pain which shot through his chest. Yet it was no time now to think of pain or ache. There was his lord and his eight-score comrades, and they must be plucked from the jaws of death. On he clambered, with his hand shuffling down the long sloping crack, sometimes bearing all his weight upon his arms, at others finding some small shelf or tuft on which to rest his foot. Would he never pass over that fifty feet? He dared not look down, and could but grope slowly onwards, his face to the cliff, his fingers clutching, his feet scraping and feeling for a support. Every vein and crack and mottling of that face of rock remained forever stamped upon his memory. At last, however, his foot came upon a broad resting-place and he ventured to cast a glance downwards. Thank God! he had reached the highest of those fatal pinnacles upon which his comrade had fallen. Quickly now he sprank from rock to rock until his feet were on the ground, and he had his hand stretched out for the horse's rein, when a sling-stone struck him on the head, and he dropped senseless upon the ground.

An evil blow it was for Alleyne, but a worse one still for him who struck it. The Spanish slinger, seeing the youth lie slain, and judging from his dress that he was no common man, rushed forward to plunder him, knowing well that the bowmen above him had expended their last shaft. He was still three paces, however, from his victim's side when John upon the cliff above plucked up a huge boulder, and, poising it for an instant, dropped it with fatal aim upon the slinger beneath him. It stuck upon his shoulder, and hurled him, crushing and screaming, to the ground, while Alleyne, recalled to his senses by these shrill cries in his very ear, staggered on to his feet, and gazed wildly about him. His eyes fell upon the horses, grazing upon the scanty pasture, and in an instant all had come back to him—his mission, his comrades, the need for haste. He was dizzy, sick, faint, but he must not die, and he must not tarry, for his life meant many lives that day. In an instant he was in his saddle and sprung down the valley. Loud rang the swift charger's hoofs over rock and reef, while the fire flew from the stroke of iron, and the loose stones showered up behind him. But his head was whirling round, the blood was gushing from his brow, his temple, his mouth. Ever keener and sharper was the deadly pain which shot like red-hot arrow through his side. He felt that his eye was glazing, his senses slipping from him, his grasp upon the reins relaxing. Then with one mighty effort, he called up all his strength for a single minute. Stooping down, he loosened the stirrup-straps, bound his knees tightly to his saddle flaps, twisted his hands in the bridle, and then, putting the gallant horse's head for the mountain path, he dashed the spurs in and fell forward fainting with his face buried in the coarse, black mane.

Little could be ever remember of that wild ride. Half conscious, but ever with the one thought beating in his mind, he goaded the horse onwards, rushing swiftly down steep ravines, over huge boulders, along the edges of black abysses. Dim memories he had of beetling cliffs, of a group of huts with wondering faces at the doors, of foaming, clattering water, and of a bristle of mountain beeches. Once, ere he had ridden far, he heard behind him three deep, sullen shouts, which told him that his comrades had set their faces to the foe once more. Then all was blank, until he woke to find kindly blue English eyes peering down upon him and to hear the blessed sound of his country's speech. They were but a foraging party—a hundred archers and as many men at-arms—but their leader was Sir Hugh Calverley, and he was not a man to bide idle when good blows were to be had not three leagues from him. A scout was sent flying with a message to the camp, and Sir Hugh, with his two hundred men, thundered off to the rescue. With them went Alleyne, still bound to his saddle, still dripping with blood, and swooning and recovering, and swooning once again. On they rode, and on, until, at last, topping a ridge, they looked down upon the fateful valley. Alas! and alas! for the sight that met their eyes.

There, beneath them, was the blood-bathed hill, and from the highest pinnacle there flaunted the yellow and white banner with the lions and the towers of the royal house of Castile. Up the long slope rushed ranks and ranks of men—exultant, shouting, with waving pennons and brandished arms. Over the whole summit were dense throngs of knights, with no enemy that could be seen to face them, save only that at one corner of the plateau an eddy and swirl amid the crowded mass seemed to show that all resistance was not yet at an end. At the sight a deep groan of rage and of despair went up from the baffled rescuers, and, spurring on their horses, they clattered down the long and winding path which led to the valley beneath.

But they were too late to avenge, as they had been too late to save. Long ere they could gain the level ground, the Spaniards, seeing them riding swiftly amid the rocks, and being ignorant of their numbers, drew off from the captured hill, and, having secured their few prisoners, rode slowly in a long column, with drum-beating and cymbal-clashing, out of the valley. Their rear ranks were already passing out of sight ere the newcomers were urging their panting, foaming horses up the slope which had been the scene of that long-drawn and bloody fight.

And a fearsome sight it was that met their eyes! Across the lower end lay the dense heap of men and horses where the first arrow-storm had burst. Above, the bodies of the dead and the dying—French, Spanish, and Aragonese—lay thick and thicker, until they covered the cold ground two and three deep in one dreadful tangle of slaughter. Above them lay the Englishmen in their lines, even as they had stood, and higher yet upon the plateau a wild medley of the dead of all nations, where the last deadly grapple had left them. In the further corner, under the shadow of a great rock, there crouched seven bowmen, with great John in the centre of them—all wounded, weary, and in sorry case, but still unconquered, with their blood-stained weapons waving and their voices ringing a welcome to their countrymen. Alleyne rode across to John, while Sir Hugh Calverley followed close behind him.

"By Saint George!" cried Sir Hugh. "I have never seen signs of so stern a fight, and I am right glad that we have been in time to save you."

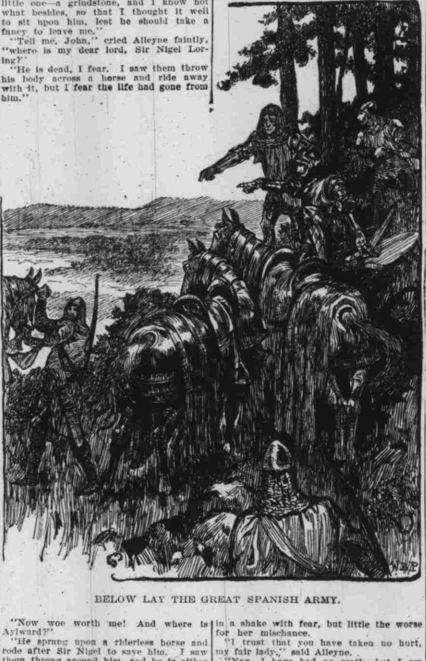
"You have saved more than us," said John, pointing to the banner which leaned against the rock behind him.

"You have done nobly," cried the old free companion, gazing with a soldier's admiration at the huge frame and bold face of the archer. "But why is it, my good fellow, that you sit upon this man."

"By the rood! I had forgot him," John answered, rising and dragging from under him no less a person than the Spanish Caballero, Don Diego Alvarez. "This man, my fair lord, means to me a new house, ten cows, one bull—if it be but a little one—a grindstone, and I know not what besides, so that I thought it well to sit upon him, lest he should take a fancy to leave me."

"Tell me, John," cried Alleyne faintly, "where is my dear lord, Sir Nigel Loring?"

"He is dead, I fear. I saw them throw his body across a horse and ride away with it, but I fear the life had gone from him."



BELOW LAY THE GREAT SPANISH ARMY.

"Now woe worth me! And where is Aylward?"

"He sprang upon a riderless horse and rode after Sir Nigel to save him. I saw them throng around him, and he is either taken or slain."

"Blow the bugles!" cried Sir Hugh, with a scowling brow.

"We must back to camp, and ere three days I trust that we may see these Spaniards again. I would fain have ye all in my company."

"We are of the White Company, my fair lord," said John.

"Nay, the White Company is here disbanded," answered Sir Hugh solemnly, looking round him at the lines of silent figures. "Look to the brave squire, for I fear he will never see the sun rise again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a bright morning four months after that fatal fight in the Spanish barranca. The sun was yet low in the heaven, and the red cows stood in the long shadow of the elms, chewing the cud and gazing with great vacant eyes at two horsemen who were spurring it down the long white road which dipped and curved away back to where the towers and pinnacles beneath the flat-topped hill marked the old town of Winchester.

Of the riders, one was young, graceful and fair, clad in plain doublet and hosen of blue Brussels cloth, which served to show his active and well-knit figure. He rode with lips compressed and anxious face, as one who has much care upon his mind. Young as he was, and peaceful as was his dress, the dainty golden spurs which twinkled upon his heels proclaimed his knighthood, while a long seam upon his brow and a scar upon his temple gave a manly grace to his refined and delicate countenance. His comrade was a large, red-headed man upon a great black horse, with a huge canvas bag slung from his saddle-bow. His broad, brown face was lighted by a continual smile, and he looked slowly from side to side with eyes which twinkled and shone with delight. Well might John rejoice, for was he not back in his native Hampshire, had he not Don Diego's five thousand crowns rasping against his knee, and above all was he not himself squire now to Sir Alleyne Edrickson, the young Socman of Minstead, lately knighted by the sword of the Black Prince himself, and esteemed by the whole army as one of the most rising of the soldiers of England.

For the last stand of the Company had been told throughout Christendom wherever a brave deed of arms was loved, and honors had flowed in upon the few who had survived it. For two months Alleyne had wavered betwixt death and life, with a broken rib and a shattered head; yet youth and strength and a cleanly life were all upon his side, and he awoke from his long delirium to find that the war was over, that the Spaniards and their allies had been crushed at Navaretta, and that the prince had himself heard the tale of his ride for succor and had come in person to his bedside to touch his shoulder with his sword and to insure that so brave and true a man should die, if he could not live, within the order of chivalry. The instant that he could set foot to ground Alleyne had started in search of his lord, but no word could he hear of him, dead or alive, and he had come home now sad-hearted, in the hope of raising money upon his estates and so starting upon his quest once more. Landing at London, he had hurried on with a mind full of care, for he had heard no word from Hampshire since the short note which had announced his brother's death.

"By the rood!" cried John, looking around him exultantly, "where have we seen since we left such noble cows, such fleecy sheep, grass so green, or a man so drunk as yonder rogue who lies in the gap of the hedge?"

"Ah, John," Alleyne answered wearily, "it is well for you, but I never thought that my home-coming would be so sad a one. My heart is heavy for my dear lord and for Aylward, and I know not how I may break the news to the Lady Mary and to the Lady Maude, if they have not yet had tidings of it."

John gave a groan which made the horses shy. "It is indeed a black business," said he. "But be not sad, for I shall give half these crowns to my old mother, and half will I add to the money which you may have, and so we shall buy that yellow cog wherein we sailed to Bordeaux, and in it we shall go forth and seek Sir Nigel."

Alleyne smiled, but shook his head. "Were he alive we should have had word of him ere now," said he. "But what is this town before us?"

"Why, it is Romsey!" cried John. "See the tower of the old gray church, and the long stretch of the nunnery."

Ere Alleyne could answer there swung round the curve of the road a lady's carriage drawn by three horses abreast with a postilion upon the outer one. Within there sat a stout and elderly lady in a pink cotehardie, leaning back among a pile of cushions. None could seem more safe and secure and at her ease than this lady, and yet here also was a symbol of human life, for in an instant, even as Alleyne reined aside to let the carriage pass, a wheel flew out from among its fellows, and over it toppled with the horses plunging, the postilion shouting, and the lady screaming from within. In an instant Alleyne and John were on foot, and had lifted her forth all in a shake with fear, but little the worse for her mischance.

"I trust that you have taken no hurt, my fair lady," said Alleyne.

"Nay, I have had no scath, but I am much beholden to you, gentle sirs. Soldiers ye are, as one may readily see. I am myself a soldier's daughter," she added, "and my heart ever goes out to a brave man."

"We are indeed fresh from Spain," quoth Alleyne.

"From Spain, say you? Ah! it was an ill and sorry thing that so many should throw away the lives that Heaven gave them. In sooth, it is bad for those who fall, but worse for those who bide behind. I have but now bid farewell to one who hath lost all in this cruel war."

"And how that, lady?"

"She is a young damsel of these parts, and she goes now into a nunnery. Alack! it is not a year since she was the fairest maid from Avon to Itchen, and now it was more than I could abide to wait at Romsey Nunnery to see her put the white veil upon her face, for she was made for a wife and not for the cloister. Did you ever, gentle sir, hear of a body of men called "The White Company' over yonder?"

"Surely so," cried both the comrades.

"Her father was the leader of it, and her lover served under him as squire. News hath come that not one of the Company was left alive, and so, poor lamb, she hath—"

"Lady!" cried Alleyne, with catching breath, "is it the Lady Maude Loring of whom you speak?"

"It is, in sooth."

"Maude! And in a nunnery! Did then, the thought of her father's death so move her?"

"Her father!" cried the lady, smiling. "Nay; Maude is a good daughter, but I think it was this young golden-haired squire of whom I have heard who has made her turn her back upon the world."

"And I stand talking here!" cried Alleyne wildly. "Come, John, come!"

Rushing to his horse, he swung himself into the saddle, and was off down the road in a rolling cloud of dust as fast as his good steed could tear him.

Great had been the rejoicing amid the Romsey nuns when the Lady Maude Loring had craved admission into their order—for was she not sole child and heiress of the old knight, with farms and fiefs which she could bring to the great nunnery? Long and earnest had been the talks of the gaunt lady abbess, in which she had conjured the young novice to turn forever from the world, and to rest her bruised heart under the broad and peaceful shelter of the church. And now, when all was settled, and when abbess and lady superior had had their will, it was but fitting that some pomp and show should mark the glad occasion.

But alas! for plots and plans when love and youth and nature, and above all, fortune are arrayed against them. Who is this travel-stained youth who dares to ride so madly through the lines of staring burghers? Why does he fling himself from his horse and stare so strangely about him? See how he has rushed through the incense-bearers, thrust aside lay-sister Agatha, scattered the two-and-twenty damosels who sang so sweetly—and he stands before the novice with his hands outstretched, and his face shining, and the light of love in his gray eyes. Her foot is on the very lintel of the church, and yet he bars the way—and she, she thinks no more of the wise words and holy rede of the lady abbess, but she hath given a sobbing cry and hath fallen forward with his arms around her drooping body and her wet cheek upon his breast. A sorry sight this for the gaunt abbess, an ill lesson too for the stainless two-and-twenty who have ever been taught that the way of nature is the way of sin. But Maude and Alleyne cared little for this. A dank, cold air comes out from the black arch before them. Without, the sun shines bright and the birds are singing amid the ivy on the drooping beeches. Their choice is made, and they turn away hand-in-hand, with their backs to the darkness and their faces to the light.

* * * *

Very quiet was the wedding in the old priory church at Christchurch, where Father Christopher read the service, and there were few to see save Lady Loring and John, and a dozen bowmen from the castle. The Lady of Twynham had drooped and pined for weary months, so that her face was harsher and less comely than before, yet she still hoped on, for her lord had come through so many dangers that she could scarce believe that he might be stricken down at last. It had been her wish to start for Spain and to search for him, but Alleyne persuaded her to let him go in her place. There was much to look after, now that the lands of Minstead were joined to those of Twynham, and Alleyne had promised her that if she would but bide with his wife he would never come back to Hampshire again until he had gained some news, good or ill of her lord and lover.

The yellow cog had been engaged, with Goodwin Hawtayne in command, and a month after the wedding Alleyne rode down to Bucklershard to see if she had come round yet from Southampton. On the way he passed the fishing village of Pitt's Deep, and marked that a little creyer or brig was tackling off the land, as though about to anchor there. On his way back, as he rode towards the village, he saw that she had indeed anchored, and that many boats were round her, bearing cargo to the shore.

A bow-shot from Pitt's Deep there was an inn a little back from the road, very large and wide-spread, with a great green bush hung upon a pole from one of the upper windows. At this window, he marked, as he rode up, that a man was seated who appeared to be craning his neck in his direction. Alleyne was still looking up to him, when a woman came rushing from the open door of the inn, and made as though she would climb a tree, looking back the while with a laughing face. Wondering what these doings might mean, Alleyne tied his horse and was walking amid the trees toward the inn, when there shot from the entrance a second woman who made also for the trees. Close at her heels came a burly, brown-faced man, who leaned against the door post and laughed loudly with his hand to his side. "Ah, ma belles!" he cried, and is it thus you treat me? Ah, ma petites! I swear by these fingerbones that I would not hurt a hair of your pretty heads; but I have been among the black paynim, and, by my hilt! it does me good to look at your English cheeks. Come, drink a stoup of muscadine with me, mes enges, for my heart is warm to be among ye again."

At the sight of the man, Alleyne had stood staring, but at the sound of his voice such a thrill of joy bubbled up in his heart that he had to bite his lips to keep himself from shouting outright. But a deeper pleasure yet was in store. Even as he looked, the window above was pushed outwards, and the voice of the man whom he and seen there came out from it. "Aylward," cried the voice, "I have seen just now a very worthy person come down the road, though my eyes could scarce discern whether he carried coat-armor. I pray you to wait upon him and tell him that a very humble knight of England abides here, so that if he be in need of advancement, or have any small vow upon his soul, or desire to exalt his lady, I may help him to accomplish it."

Aylward at this order came forward amid the trees, and in an instant the two men were clinging in each other's arms, laughing and shouting and patting each other in their delight; while Sir Nigel came running with his sword, under the impression that some bickering had broken out, only to embrace and be embraced himself, until all three were hoarse with their questions and outcries and congratulations.

On their journey home through the woods Alleyne learnt their wondrous story: how, when Sir Nigel came to his senses, he with his fellow-captive had been hurried to the coast, and conveyed by sea to their captor's castle; how upon the way they had been taken by a Barbary rover, and how they exchanged their light captivity for a seat on a galley bench and hard labor at the pirate's oars; how, in the port at Barbary, Sir Nigel had slain the Moorish captain, and had swum with Aylward to a small coaster which they had taken, and so made their way to England with a rich cargo to reward them for their toils. All this Alleyne listened to, until the dark keep of Twynham towered above them in the gloaming, and they saw the red sun lying athwart the rippling Avon. No need to speak of the glad hearts at Twynham Castle that night, nor of the rich offerings from out that Moorish cargo which found their way to the chapel of Father Christopher.

Sir Nigel Loring lived for many years, full of honor and laden with every blessing. He rode no more to the wars, but he found his way to every jousting within thirty miles; and the Hampshire youth treasured it as the highest honor when a word of praise fell from him as to their management of their horses, or their breaking of their lances. So he lived and so he died, the most revered and the happiest man in all his native shire.

For Sir Alleyne Edricson and for his beautiful bride the future had also naught but what s good. Twice he fought in France, and came back each time laden with honors. A high place at court was given to him, and he spent many years at Windsor under the second Richard and the fourth Henry— where he received the honor of the Garter, and won the name of being a brave soldier, a true-hearted gentleman, and a great lover and patron of every art and science which refines or ennobles life.

As to John, he took unto himself a village maid and settled in Lyndhurst, where his five thousand crowns made him the richest franklin for many miles around. For many years he drank his ale every night at the "Pied Merlin," which was now kept by his friend Aylward, who had wedded the good widow to whom he had committed his plunder. The strong men and the bowmen of the country round used to drop in there of an evening to wrestle a fall with John or to shoot a round with Aylward, but, though a silver shilling was to be the prize of the victory, it has never been reported that any man earned much money in that fashion. So they lived, these men, in their own, lusty, cheery fashion—rude and rough, but honest, kindly and true. Let us thank God if we have outgrown their vices. Let us pray to God that we may ever hold their virtues.

THE END.

COOL GARMENTS FOR COMFORT.

The Shirtwaist the Leader—White the Coolest Color.

Bertha Browning.

The month of August means a good many warm days and those who stay at home as well as the more fortunate individuals who enjoy the coolness of some resort need cool apparel. It has always been true everywhere that white proved much less warm beneath a scorching sun than a darker tone and the American woman has adopted it as her summer wardrobe this year. Everything which can be of white will be found much cooler and pleasanter to look upon than other colors and this means every article of dress. It is a scientific fact that white is the coolest, as black is the warmest color.

The fashion makers have supplied womankind with real summer dress this year. No more hot collars and fitted waists for summer wear but instead, neck wear of sheerest lace or material and loose comfortable-looking blouses suitable for all ages. The shirt waist is the real monarch of the field for general wear and this takes a very wide variety of forms, from the dressy and fussy waist elaborately embroidered and inset with lace to the real negligee shirt with its low collar and half-sleeves. The latter is a new comer this season and is favored by the girl who enjoys any sort of out-of-door sport. It is made of madras, linen, lawn and silk and prettily trimmed with flat collar, cuffs and tie of the same or a contrasting color.

Beside these shirts, there are very attractive little white flannel suits which may be worn on any outing, for tennis, or driving which consist of shirt waist and skirt in simple design. White appears in everything with black as a smart contrast. Black is promised a great prominence in the early fall but it seems to have anticipated its popularity to such an extent that it is gracing all smart costumes. When a suit is of white the hat and gloves are of black as well as the footgear. Numerous black and white malinette ruches and boas are being worn and look especially well on women, not too young.

COOL AND DAINTY NEGLIGEES

Many very attractive negligees for house wear are quite simple to make and require but a small outlay to realize. These are of lawn and dimity which come in the most attractive designs. One pretty pattern slips on over the head. It has a square yoke cut out in square neck, and the lower portion hangs in full folds from the yoke. The sleeves are of elbow length and these too hang free from any band at the lower edge. The advantages of this are that it can be slipped on at a second's notice and no buttons remain to be fastened when it is once on. Then, too, it is immensely becoming to any wearer. The sack ends at the hip line. Others are of the loose flowing variety edged down the front and about the neck and sleeves with soft filmy ruffles. These are of white lawn and Swiss. Dotted Swiss makes up into very attractive negligees as well as blouses for nice wear.

PALISADE PATTERNS.



Number 6409.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

CORSET COVER AND PETTICOAT IN ONE.

Designed by BERTHA BROWNING.

In this day of perfectly fitted garments, the particular woman appreciates economy in bands and belts. Here is shown a petticoat and corset cover joined in one, both attractive in design and perfectly fitted. The corset cover is cut with square neck and a very narrow band over the shoulder. Groups of tucks intercepted by bands of insertion provide an easy fullness over the bust, while the tucks continue the entire length in back. The girdle joining the garments is shaped to the figure and closes in front. The petticoat may be daintily trimmed with lace to match the corset cover. A fine quality of nainsook or long cloth will give best service, while lawn or muslin may prove very pretty. In the medium size, 4½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6409—Sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

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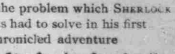
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HARVESTING THE APPLE CROP.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

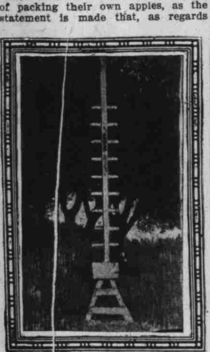
It is an easy matter to go out into the orchard, shake or pick the apples off the trees and throw or drop them into barrels for hauling to the town or cross roads grocery where the fruit may be exchanged for a bolt of muslin or calico, or something else needed in the house. But this is not very profitable. The progressive farmer has found that it pays to give strict attention to the sorting and packing of his crop in order that it may bring for him a much larger amount of money.

Just when to pick is one of the secrets of the trade which all orchardists do not appreciate. The time of picking red apples is commonly guaged by their color and that of yellow apples by the color of the seeds. The latter is the only reliable test of ripeness, for an apple picked just as the seeds have turned a light brown, and before they become dark around the edges, will be found to have not only full flavor, but the best keeping quality. But red apples are often left for some time after the seeds indicate maturity to allow them to put on more color, which they do rapidly under the influence of the bright days and frosty nights of autumn; and indeed this is the only way of obtaining color on fruit in the shady portions of the tree. Growers should bear in mind, however, that to defer picking after the seeds indicate ripeness, invites watercore and shortens the life of the fruit in storage, often to a serious extent with the midwinter varieties.

TOO LATE PICKING

Much of the complaint recently lodged against the Jonathan because of rotting at the core, according to a report of the Idaho Experiment Station, is believed to be attributable to late picking. Unless this trouble is corrected the sale of this valuable variety is sure to be hurt. The purchaser is completely deceived by the perfect appearance of the fruit, not a sign of decay being visible until it is cut open, when the flesh for some distance about the core is discovered to be brown, radiating in narrow rays towards the skin, which, however, it seldom reaches. It is worse than a worm hole, for that can be cut out. A box containing even a few such specimens makes the consumer distrustful of the variety, while half or more sickens even the most enthusiastic friend of "Brother Jonathan."

Few farmers are considered capable of packing their own apples, as the statement is made that, as regards



SINGLE RAIL LADDER.
A Very Light Form for the Orchard.

seeing worm holes, their eye-sight is deficient. Where there is a fruit union, the Idaho bulletin suggests that a rule should be adopted forbidding any members thereof from doing their own picking, but they should provide for the employment of the same body of trained pickers successively at the various orchards. Even the isolated growers should endeavor to have a group of expert pickers, and employ the same ones, as far as possible, year after year. This is the way to build up a reputation that has a great cash value.

PACKING IN BARRELS

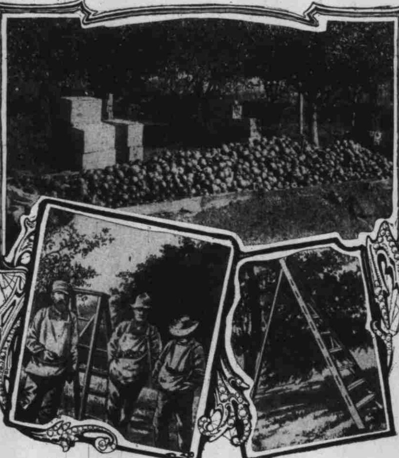
While the simplest method of packing apples is the old barrel of the east in which the bottom and top are faced, the apples in the middle being simply poured in, this is a slovenly, not to say deceitful method, for it requires no grading expert to sort out the best ones for facing. The Western box method, on the other hand, is more desirable, especially in cases where one wishes to cater to the fancy trade. One of the pretty points about the box package is that the exact number of apples contained therein is always known, and if stamped on the box as it should be, gives information much appreciated by the buyer. Of course this only applies where the packer adopts one particular method of placing the apples in the box.

A prominent orchardist made the statement that it costs money to step on a ladder in an orchard. This orchard owner finds that there is a waste of time in climbing up in order to reach the uppermost branches of the tree, so that it is considered advisable that effort should be made through pruning to start the head of the tree low and keep it low in order that the most profitable investment can be made out of the trees. It should be possible for several years to gather a large percentage of the crop from the ground or with a very low ladder. Nevertheless you can scarcely make a dwarf tree by any amount of pruning, and in every apple orchard ladders of some kind soon become a necessity.

(A 50)

HANDY TYPES OF LADDERS

Of all the numerous styles of ladders, some form of step ladder is best adapted to the orchard, whether the welfare of the tree is considered or the comfort of the picker. Any ladder which must be set against the tree is a constant menace to it. Probably the best type of tall step ladders is one having three legs, two comprising the legs of the ladder proper and the third acting as its support. It is easily set up securely



APPLE SCENES IN IDAHO.
Picking Aprons and Ladders Designed by the Idaho Experiment Station.

on uneven ground and the wide spread of legs at the bottom makes it especially stable. For work on tall trees the Japanese style of ladder, in which the steps converge to a point at the top is easy to manipulate. Lightest of all the tall ladders is a single rail with pegs projecting from the sides, but it is least safe and comfortable for the user, and is not liable to become widely used.

Every picker has his own opinion as to the best style of receptacle in which to place the freshly picked fruits. Buckets, baskets and bags have their devotees, and some even go so far as to provide the pickers with coal scuttles. The latter, however, too strongly suggest pouring and such rough treatment is not to be thought of with apples any more so than with eggs. Where bags are used, as is commonly the case, they should be lined with burlap though this should not cause any relaxation of care in placing fruit in them. Bags are open to the objection that the fruit in them is easily bruised where the bag brushes against a limb or ladder. The usual form of packing does not admit of removing the fruit except by pouring, and this is objectionable. The bottomless sack overcomes this difficulty as it allows the fruit to roll from the bottom when the chain is released. Such treatment might do with oranges, but with apples—never. The average picker could never withstand the temptation to let them shoot from the bag the moment the foreman's back was turned.

THE IDEAL PICKING BAG

Perhaps the best picking bag is the apron bag. It is cheap, being easily made of a heavy grain sack, hangs in the most convenient position for filling and leaves both hands free. It



A SUBSTANTIAL THREE-LEGGER.

is so shallow that the first apples can be conveniently laid in it without dropping, and yet it holds all the wearer can carry, and finally cannot be emptied by pouring, unless the picker stands on his head. Clean boxes will help to bring better prices for apples, so that it is considered absolutely essential that the packer should use only boxes that are freshly made up of material that is white and clean. No man who takes pride in his business or cares for his reputation will pack fruit in old or soiled boxes. When these are hauled to market they should always be covered with a tarpaulin to keep off rain or dust. If box material is carried over from one year to another it should be carefully housed and covered to keep it clean and bright.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

Two essentials of a perfect packing of apples are honesty and uniformity—that is the apples in the middle or bottom of the pack, whether it be a box or barrel, should be just as good as those on top and all perfect; all of an even size and properly colored and every package packed with the same degree of care and skill, so that the buyer may feel certain that it is not a case of sight unseen. Attractive labels add much to the appearance of the boxes, and are a valuable means of advertising and building up a special trade. Whether labelled or not, however, the box should be marked on the end with the name of the variety and number of apples contained, and the grade, especially if the latter is anything but firsts.

HE SECURED TOP PRICES

That careful packing is essential as good fruit may be gathered from a



SCENE IN AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD.
Drawn from a Photograph in Bulletin of Idaho Experiment Station.

story of a potato grower in Colorado a few years ago, when the crop of potatoes in the east was immense. Colorado had, as usual, raised many thousands of sacks, but found the price so low that it scarcely covered the freight charges. In the emergency "The Man of the Hour" appeared in the person of a grower who washed his potatoes carefully, put them up in neat 10-pound sacks with attractive labels and sent them on to Chicago. A very fancy price was asked, but the potatoes went off with a rush and netted the grower the highest returns he had ever received. Cases similar to this are known to most farmers. Very often the manner in which fruit and vegetables are put up has more influence on the price than quality itself.

Barnyard Manure.

For garden crops there is no fertilizer that will compare with good, well-rotted barnyard manure. In localities where a supply of such manure cannot be secured it will be necessary to depend upon commercial fertilizers, but the results are rarely so satisfactory. In selecting manure for the garden, care should be taken that it does not contain any element that will be injurious to the soil. An excess of sawdust or shavings used as bedding will have a tendency to produce sourness in the soil. Chicken, pigeon, and sheep manures rank high as fertilizers, their value being somewhat greater than ordinary barnyard manures, and almost as great as some of the lower grades of commercial fertilizers. The manure from fowls is especially adapted for dropping in the hills or rows of plants.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE VILLAGE.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE WITH NO TREES AND NO PLANTS IS AN ECONOMIC MISTAKE.

Government Bureau of Forestry Has Issued an Attractive, Illustrated Free Bulletin on School and Home Tree Planting.

Thousands of school houses entirely lack the simple surroundings that would insure beauty and contentment. We mean by this not a paucity in architectural design, but in the simple matter of beautification through planting, which, in many cases, can be attained by arousing the interest of the scholars themselves. Some city schools have no space for planting at all, although some contain a good arrangement of flower beds and shade trees. In the towns and villages, also, it is possible to point out many examples showing great care and attention. It is in the country, however, that the improved school ground is rarely found.

The ideal school ground, which should really be as much a part of the building itself, and where the pupils can be shown the wonderful operations of nature, serves two distinct purposes.

First, it becomes a technical laboratory, where the intelligent teacher can point out the marvelous chemical changes which occur with each appearance of the seasons—the starting of plant life, with the warm days of spring, the fuller growth of summer with its blossoms and fruit and the matured wood growth, when the leaves drop in the fall—a cycle in the plant's history and

Second, the influence that such study has upon the growing mind. With a reasonable amount of this sort of education, coupled with the three R's, the child will never develop the tendency to rip to pieces the shrubbery of his own home or dig out and trample under foot the young plants in the garden. Furthermore, he will likely take his school garden for his ideal, and use his influence to make the home yard its equal in appearance, if not its superior.

The object, too, of school yard planting is strictly utilitarian. School house, some of them splendid brick structures as well as sod house buildings, can be found which are absolutely devoid of tree or shrub planting. Both the winter winds and the summer heat operate upon them with unchecked violence. Why not plant trees and inaugurate the assistance of the pupils in so doing, which will not only act as wind breaks, but afford shade?

In connection with this subject the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture has issued a Farmer's Bulletin (No. 134) on Tree Planting for Rural School Gardens. This can be obtained without cost, by writing either Gifford Pinchot, Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to your U. S. senator or member of Congress. It contains much information which is useful and outlines several practical plans for not only the beautification of barren schoolgrounds but for a primary study of forestry—tree planting and tree growth.

USE AND INFLUENCE OF TREES.

What a tremendous influence for good in every town, it would be, if every school boy and school girl should become interested in tree planting and shrub planting. Arbor Day has become a great institution. Its observance has resulted in the planting of millions of trees every spring. Suppose that it were universal, and that every child in every town should become as enthusiastic over the planting of a tree each year, and watching and attending to it, as he is over the observance of the Fourth of July, what a wonderful change, in a few years, would result in the appearance of most of our towns and villages.

Much can be done in the school toward making tree planting a success with the children. It is not enough that when Arbor Day rolls around a tree should be planted by each juvenile member of the family. Unless the youngsters realize that considerable care is required the first year or two, the trees will die, and unless they have been taught how to care for their trees, dead and dying specimens—failures—will distress and discourage the youthful mind, possibly beyond redemption. But with reasonable attention the poorest and the rockiest soils can be made to produce good trees.

A SCHOOL TREE NURSERY.

Certainly there could be nothing more fascinating than the starting of a tree nursery, of several good varieties, in each school ground. These nurseries could be started from the actual seed, acorns, beech nuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, seeds from fir cones, and the seeds of other trees thriving in the locality, and all these could be gathered by the children, and brought in and planted by them. Then after they had reached the proper age for transplanting, say two years, the class would, in an afternoon, visit a dozen homes, and participate in the transplanting of the seedlings, into their permanent locations. There is an inherent love for such things in the American youth. It is a wonderful thing, when you think about it, to take a bit of a seed, put it in moist soil, see it sprout, and then watch it through the progress of years come forth a tender shoot, grow into a sturdy sapling, and finally become a great tree, leaving forth each year and affording shade and comfort for the occupants of the home. If the young mind grows up among such scenes and amid such environment, it will prove a mighty factor in the material prosperity of the community.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

Lecturer Advocates Small Independent Homes, Each on a Acre of Land

An address on "The Significance of the Country Home" was delivered by Edward H. Chandler, secretary of the Twentieth Century Club at the recent graduating exercises of the School of Domestic Science of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. In advocating a deliberate system of training nature study by means of school gardens, he said: Most important of all is the beginning of a national movement for the making of "homecrofts" or small independent homes with perhaps an acre to enable each family to find out the true values of rural life. It would be an absurd error to suppose that such homes are now lacking. There are multitudes throughout the land. What is new is that these homes are coming at last to their own. Instead of continuing to be the insignificant haunts of one's childhood, of which one who has risen to distinction is expected to be a little ashamed, they are being sought out as typical of the best in home life and as models to be reproduced in essentials with some adaptations to the new needs of the times.

FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

To grow up, Mr. Chandler said, with the flowers and shrubs and trees and to learn to care for the birds, squirrels, rabbits and domestic animals is a training whose influence on character can never be over-estimated. An acre of ground is enough for Nature's purposes if he who lives on it wishes to be her pupil and helper. The country home makes possible the simplicity of living and fosters true democracy. It is both noteworthy and somewhat pathetic that hosts of city dwellers should rush to welcome and listen to the prophet of the simple life who came to us from France. Yet he had no other message than that of the country home. Live among the real things of life in contact with elementary forces. Live above conventionality. Learn to be simple in your tastes and straightforward in your motives. Be a good neighbor and a true friend. This is the life which the country home fosters. There you may not have so much money to handle, but you do not need it. Ostentatious display kills the spirit of such a home. Democracy is talked of in the city but it is felt in the country. A town meeting is the highest type of democracy yet attained. There is a common interest which binds all country dwellers together. But who are so far separated and indifferent to each others' needs as the various tenants of a city tenement or apartment house?

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS.

Not all who live in the country realize its significance. Here and there is a decadent home and a degenerate family. But all over the world the strength of nations is found among those who have been fostered near to nature and have become free beings by working together in honest labor. This is a home ideal to be placed among the highest. There is little danger of its over emphasis. No matter what one's work or how heavily the burden of the city presses the determination to live on the home acre in the country may easily become almost the most powerful influence in making a successful life!"

Parking for the Town.

The town parks, or the town or village square are the lungs of its citizens.

If the town is growing, it is none too soon to start a movement to provide for the securing of ample town parking. The land is increasing; when the town has doubled and has become a small city, it will not be so easy to secure sites, readily accessible to the people, without paying an exorbitant price. Secure first the land; it is not important that a large amount of money should be at once expended upon its beautification, possibly it needs but little, since nature may have made it more beautiful than can man. It is not necessary that it should be transformed into carpet beds of flowers and trimly kept lawns. If it affords sunlight and a green relief of grass and trees for the eye, it becomes a civilizer and an equalizer, for the poor as well as the wealthy, a resting place where a man may forget, for the time, some of his struggles and his anxieties in a contemplation of what God has made.

The park should be kept, in fact, as natural as is consistent with its use as such. It is never too early, however, to secure its site, with a view to the building up of the community, when land values will necessarily increase.

Distribution of Immigrants the Solution.

If there were only some practicable way of distributing immigration more equally among all the parts of the country the congestion and segregation phases of this problem would be nearer solution. It can be accomplished in but a small degree, since it will only be done if answering an economic demand, as in the case of the Galveston-Bremen service. Wise and well organized effort to induce immigrants to pass through the large ports by finding and insuring them employment in the interior and by informing them of opportunities elsewhere, will do much to improve conditions. The self-interest of states, many of which maintain immigration agencies, might also be brought more generally into play to attract the industrious and ambitious new comers to their farms and smaller towns.

Improving School Grounds.

In Rochester, N. Y., the school authorities grade and sod the school yards, while the shrubbery and other planting is by private effort in conjunction with the school children. Ample land is furnished for decorative playground purposes, and most exemplary results have been obtained.

Poor Chance in the Cities.

Life in a metropolis makes young children sharp, but not clever; it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blase, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

JOB OFFICE WANTED.

I WANT TO LEASE—A good job or newspaper office in live town of 1500 or over. I will pay monthly rental (in advance each month), until January 1, '07, when substantial payment will be made. Address A. L. Boreman—Colo, Iowa.

STENOGRAPHERS: Bright young men who can take dictation rapidly and do rapid work on machine. Salary $60 to start. Write to-day: Offices in 12 cities. HAPGOODS, Suite 143, 305-309 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED: A Hundred Firemen and Brakemen on different railroads. Age 20 to 30, good sight and hearing. Experience unnecessary. Firemen $100 monthly, become Engineers and earn $200. Brakemen $70 monthly, become Conductors and earn $150. Positions awaiting competent men. Send stamps for particulars. Name position preferred. Railway Association, Room 65, 227 Monroe Street, Brooklyn N. Y.

SHIRT WAIST HOLDER EXTRAORDINARY—keeps waist down all around: no pins or hooks to tear: send 25c. with waist measurement over corset and ask for white or black. Felix Corset Co., 115 Pine Street New York.



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WOOD WOOD CO. 2 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Dept. 179

Wherever anywhere in this country there is Any One who has the Spirit of True Patriotism and Genuine Love of Humanity in his or her heart, "The Coming People" By CHARLES F. DOLE should be the first book to be read

There is a multitude of thinking people who see the dangers the future holds for our country unless we reach a wise solution of the tremendous social problems that confront us.

The spirit in which we should approach the consideration of these problems is set forth in this remarkable book in a way that must be an inspiration to every truly humane and patriotic heart.

Let the spirit of common sense and optimism and fundamental economic and philosophical truth that pervades this book be taken as the underlying motive of the movement, and the Creed and Platform of the Homecrofters as the practical plan to work to, and the rest of the great social questions are certain to be rightly solved by application to them of the sound and humane principles that will guide the action of our people upon all great national questions.

One copy of "The Coming People" postage prepaid will be mailed to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents.

One copy of both "The Coming People" and "The First Book of the Homecrofters" and "Maxwell's Talisman" monthly for the rest of the year 1906 will be mailed to any address in the United States for fifty cents.

Remit in postage stamps to The Homecrofters, 149 Main street, Watertown, Mass.

NOTICE
Of Election

WASHINGTON COUNTY COURT.

State of Kentucky, Washington County, July 23, 1906. } Set.

W. N. Keeling, and others, on petition.

ORDER.

It appearing to the Court that W. N. Keeling, and fourteen hundred and sixty six (1466) others, all of them being citizens and legal voters of Washington county, Kentucky, did in open court on Monday, June 25, 1906, the same being the regular June term of the Washington County Court, present to the Judge of said Court a written petition signed by a number of legal voters in each of the twelve precincts of Washington county equal to and exceeding 25 per cent. of the legal votes in each of said precincts that were cast at the last preceding general election in said county, to-wit: November 1905, and equal to and exceeding 25 per cent. of the legal voters of said county who cast their votes at the said last election, requesting that an election be held in this county on Saturday, August 25, 1906, on the proposition whether or not spiritous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold, bartered or loaned in Washington county, and that in the event the majority of the votes cast in said election shall be against the sale, barter or loan of such spiritous, vinous or malt liquors, that the provisions of the local option law and prohibition shall also apply to druggists, it is, therefore, now

ORDERED by the Court that the sheriff of this county be and he is hereby directed to open a poll at each and all of the voting precincts in Washington county on said Saturday, August 25th, 1906, between the hours of said day prescribed by law for holding elections for county and State officials to take the sense of the legal voters of said county who are qualified to vote at elections for county officers on the proposition whether or not spiritous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold, bartered or loaned in Washington county and in the event a majority of said voters shall vote against the sale, barter and loan of such liquors, the provisions of the local option law and prohibition to apply to druggists and said sheriff in the execution of this order will do and perform all the duties imposed upon him by law in the premises.

It is further ordered and directed by the Court that the proper and duly appointed election officers in each of the precincts of Washington county, which embrace all or any portion of a city in said county of the fifth or sixth class (there being no cities of any other classes in Washington county) do assemble at the usual and customary voting places in their respective precincts on the 20th day of August, 1906, between the hours prescribed by law for the registration of voters in such cities and said election officers will then and there receive and register in manner as provided by law the names of all legal voters in such cities as may be entitled to vote at such elections on Saturday, August 25, 1906, and whose names have not already been recorded in the registration books on the last registration day and the clerk of this court will provide the election officers with all the necessary books and other equipments to hold this special registration. The said W. N. Keeling and others have deposited with the Judge of this court the sum of $25.00 which is adjudged by the court as an amount sufficient to cover the necessary printing and advertising and the fees of the County Court Clerk.

Copy Attest.

W. F. BOOKER, Clerk.

Public Sale!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1906.

Two miles South of Springfield on the Jimtown dirt road.

Having sold my farm I will, on the above date, sell to the highest and best bidder the following described property

One good phaeton, almost new, and harness, one good runabout, three buggy and farm mares, one mare with a colt by her side; two two-year-old mare mules, broke; twelve yearling mules—seven mares and five horse mules—two fresh milk cows, one a thoroughbred Jersey with calf by her side, extra good milker and fine butter producer; fourteen head of yearling steers, extra good; twenty sheep, 19 ewes and one buck; four ricks of good timothy and clover hay and all necessary farming implements. Also some household and kitchen furniture.

Sale begins promptly at 1 o'clock.

TERMS:—On all sums of $10 and under cash in hand, on all over $10 a bankable note with interest from date will be required. Either bank.

H. C. NELSON.

Col. R. E. Whayne, Auctioneer.

Youneedit THE SUN!

TIMID
And He Had a Right to Be.—In Bathing and His Clothes Are Stolen.



JOHN B. WENT BASHFULLY INTO THE RELIEF TENT.

New York.—John B. Dixon, a telegraph messenger boy who lives in Brooklyn, went to Coney Island the other night for a swim. He decided he would have his bath under the old iron pier, and forthwith planted his clothes in a sandhole, having in memory stories of "beach-combers" who took away garments under such circumstances.

Apparently he was spied upon, for when he came out of the water two hours later his clothes were gone. He alleges that at this point of his adventures he took things philosophically and reflected upon the stars.

Finally he took to walking up and down the beach, still reflecting. About ten p. m. a man met him and said:

"Say, sonny, is it as hot as all that?"

"Naw," said John B. Dixon, messenger boy. "It's as frozen as a tall buildin' in March.

"Why don't you go to headquarters?" asked the man when he heard the details of the case.

"Hate to," said John B. Dixon, "like this!"

But finally the chill drove him up Surf avenue attired in trunks to a charity tent beside police headquarters. Here his pride prevented him from telling what the trouble was. He admitted that he didn't have a cent in his pockets, but the manager of the relief tent had no sense of humor, and failed to see the delicately conveyed point.

So the boy, after a cup of coffee, set forth again on his weary way. It was now one o'clock a. m. the morning, and chilly at that. He had another swim, and that warmed him up a little, or rather left his temperature at the degree required for comfort.

About three a. m., according to Dixon's own story, he met a man who had been all night at Brighton Beach. The man invited him to shoot in a gallery. John B. Dixon, messenger boy, said:

"Well, boss, I ain't fit to go in public places."

"Aw, shucks!" said the man.

They went to a shooting gallery and spent an hour, which resulted disastrously for the man, John B. Dixon in his bathing trunks being rather expert at the rifle game.

As the gray dawn crept on apace John B. bade farewell to his enthusiastic friend and took to the beach again, this time marveling about the wonder of the sunrise. The sun came up, and people began to take to the water, but John B. Dixon, messenger boy, who had been under the shroud of darkness all night, felt sensitive, and fancied that all the people in the world were looking at him.

About nine o'clock a man came along and learned his story. He said he was Mr. Tompkins, an engineer, and advised Dixon to go back to the relief tent and ask them if they couldn't do a little better.

John B. went bashfully, and when this time he told the whole truth and nothing but the truth everybody laughed except the women attendants, who felt maternally sympathetic and called him a "poor little fellow."

"But I was all to de merry," said John B. Dixon.

The relief tent looked up a suit of overalls, and the messenger boy appeared before his anxious mother and friends and told the whole tale.

"Dere's some men," said he, "dat gets mean because dey're down on der shoes, but a man wot steals a kid's cloes must ha' bin born that way."

On the whole, John B. Dixon said he thought the loss of his clothes was worth the insight he had obtained into the wonders of nature, human and otherwise.

FELL FROM BUGGY
In Apoplectic Fit and Kirb Woods Had Narrow Escape From Death.

Harrodsburg Democrat: Mr. Kirby Woods, a well known citizen of the Salvisa vicinity, while returning home from this city Monday afternoon, was suddenly seized with apoplexy near the residence of Mr. Willard Vandivier, and fell heavily to the ground from his buggy. He was badly bruised from the fall, and when found by a passerby some time afterward he was raising and striking his head frantically against the hard pike. He was removed to Mr. Vandivier's and a physician summoned, who said that if Mr. Woods had been permitted to have struck his head once more against the pike it would have resulted in his death. His wounds were dressed and he was later removed to his home, where he remains in a very serious condition as a result of his injuries.

Daily Herald AND SUN $2.00

SAD SPECTACLE.
Sorrow-Stricken Mother Forced to Appear Against Her Son.

"Judge, my son, who I expected would one day be famous, has filled my declining days with sorrow and destroyed a hope that has sustained me for years."

Standing by the side of her son, against whom she made a charge of habitual drunkenness, an aged and sorrow-stricken mother uttered these words to Magistrate Dooley the other morning in the Adams street court, Brooklyn.

"The dream that the boy would rise to fame has been supplanted by the knowledge that he will end his days in the clutches of the demon rum," she said.

Learning that her son, Frederick, 23 years old, had been arrested on the charge of intoxication, and that he would be arraigned in the Adams street court, Mrs. Elizabeth Boyce, of No. 199 Johnson street, hurried there in the hope of having him committed to jail as a habitual drunkard so that he could not get liquor.

Shaking with nervousness and sorrow the woman had to be assisted to the rail in the court. Sobbing, she pleaded for the privilege of making a complaint against him.

"See the clerk and he will satisfy you," said the magistrate.

"I have had to support him for ten years," she told the clerk.

A charge of vagrancy was made against Boyce.

He pleaded not guilty and was held in $300 bail.

DR. G. W. YOUNG WILL DELIVER AN ADDRESS ON LOCAL OPTION AT THE COURT HOUSE IN BARDSTOWN ON MONDAY, AUGUST 13, COUNTY COURT DAY.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS
Upon the Subject of Temperance Gathered From Many Sources.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or leave it alone.—National Advocate.

It is announced that King Oscar of Sweden has acceded to the petition from his temperance subjects to discontinue the use of wine at the launching of ships.

One of the lawyers who spoke at a recent meeting in London of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance society, said that if England were to turn sober the legal profession would be ruined.

Change.—"I've noticed considerable change about you since you stopped drinking."

"Well, I've noticed that there's considerable more in my pocket."—Press.

Dr. Brewer, of the St. Vincent institution in St. Louis, says: "It can be asserted with great certainty that the boy who commenced to use cigarettes at ten will drink beer and whisky at 14, take morphia at 25, and spend the rest of his lifetime alternating between cocain, spirits and opium."

The Greatest Destroyer.

Intoxicating liquor is the greatest destroyer that has ever assailed the foundations of home. It comes between God the Creator, and man the creature. It closes the ears of conscience against the voice of God, driving out all divine attributes and giving place to the animal passions. It debauches manhood, prostitutes womanhood, pauperizes childhood. Let us unite our forces against it and make our homes places where the heart is the ante-chamber of Heaven, the cradle of virtue and the school of character.—Leonora M. Lake.

Strange Proposition.

In several cities the proposition is seriously discussed of having a referendum on the question as to whether or not certain temperance and other laws shall be enforced. It might be well to have a general law instructing public officers how to discriminate between laws enacted for enforcement and laws put on the statute books for the popular expression of sentiment.—Congregationalist.

He Didn't Need It.

"What, Mr. M——," said a wedding guest to a clergyman, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?"

"No, sir," was the repiy; "I will take a glass of water."

"But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity?"

"I have no infirmity," was the sententious reply.

ANTI-LIQUOR SENTIMENTS.

When a liquor-seller finds a man after his own heart, he goes at once after his cash.—National Advocate.

Anyone who would degrade his brother is a fit companion for those whom he would degrade. Birds of a feather should be made to flock together.—United Presbyterian.

A well-known solicitor, moved by the revival in Wales, it is said, has decided to give up taking cases on behalf of breweries. By this decision he sacrificed £2,000 a year.

The Pullman Palace Car company has promulgated a rule forbidding the sale of liquor to passengers not occupying seats in buffet cars. Sunday card playing has never been permitted in Pullman cars.

An Albany saloon man said: "Whenever the saloon men get together and talk over the future prospects of liquor selling, there are at least 50 per cent. of them that say they expect the people will shut up the drinking places in time."

Recent statistics show that out of every hundred alcoholics attacked by pneumonia 70 die, while of every hundred non-alcoholics attacked by the same disease only 23 die.

Moderate Drinking.

"So far as the individual is concerned the fight for temperance is won or lost on the moderate drinking proposition, and it is at that point that we need to bring all our logic to bear."—The Pilgrim Teacher.

Injuries Prove Fatal.

"It ought to furnish convincing arguments for the temperance cause that fractures and other injuries, when occurring in habitual drinkers, are so frequently followed by fatal pneumonia. It must be the experience of all surgeons that an unexpected pneumonia frequently follows severe injury, in such subjects. They seem to be particularly susceptible to this infection. Again we must remember the possibility of pneumenia originating from traumatism of the chest. Indeed it is sometimes observed that a right-sided pneumonia follows injury to the left chest wall, and vice versa. Pneumonia may follow an injury within 48 hours, or may occur later. Again, it is common for such a pneumonia to be marked by a delirium very suggestive of delirium tremens or true mania-apotu may be present."—Dr. Haines.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

CAN'T EAT



Your digestive organs, even though delicate, will stand a lot of service, but they resent ill-treatment.

Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin

is the greatest remedy in the world for correcting and curing all forms of stomach and digestive trouble.

It instantly imparts new life and vigor to these parts and keeps them in prime and perfect working condition.

Don't wait until you are in the grip of these torturing complaints, but get a dollar or half-dollar size of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN now at your druggist's and forestall the trouble.

Your money will be refunded if it does not benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S BOOK OF WONDERS" and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Do it now.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO. Monticello, Illinois

Sold by The Red Cross DrugStore.

Farms for Sale!

No. 1.—47 acres, 4½ miles from Springfield, well watered, good land, good dwelling, good stable, blacksmith shop on farm; rented; close to school house and church. Price, $40 per acre.

No. 3.—70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good water, close to school house and church. Price, $40 per acre.

No. 4.—255 acres, three good barns, two dwellings, plenty of grass. All the farm ready for the plow. Price, $60 per acre.

No. 5—167 acres, seven miles from Springfield, plenty timber, oak, ash, hickory; good dwelling and barns, well-watered, one-half mile from school house and church. Good tobacco land. Price, per acre, $15.

No. 6.—205 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, 3 tobacco barns, one stock barn, all necessary outbuildings, plenty timber, lots of good tobacco land, well-watered, well-fenced, good grass. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 7.—175 acres, dwelling, stable, well-watered, well-fenced, whole farm tobacco land. Seven miles from town.

No. 8.—128 acres; two miles from Springfield, plenty timber, all necessary outbuildings, good grass, good dwelling and barn. Price $20 per acre.

No. 9.—65 acres, nine miles from Springfield, 20 acres timber, two houses, one barn that will hold ten acres of tobacco, well fenced.

No. 10.—108 acres, seven miles from Springfield, 15 acres good timber, plenty good tobacco land, good barn, fine orchard, good large dwelling. Will make fine dairy farm, on railroad. Price, $37.50 per acre.

No. 11.—220 acres, six ½ miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber—ash, oak, hickory and poplar. Church and school convenient, two barns, two dwellings, telephone in house, well-watered and plenty tobacco land. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 12.—The most desirable house in Springfield. Well located.

No. 13.—A nice cottage in Springfield. Good barn with acre of ground. Cheap.

No. 14.—150½ acres, seven miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber, two new barns, new dwelling house, plenty of fine tobacco land. 50 acres of extra good bottom land. Price, 60.

No. 15.—90 acres, one good six room dwelling, tobacco barn, stable, well fenced, good orchard, well watered, 25 acres fine tobacco land, most of farm in good state of cultivation, 3½ miles from Springfield. Plenty good posts. $25 per acre.

No. 16.—196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield on good pike, one 7 room dwelling, barn, in good repair; 1 good stock barn, 80 acres in blue grass, rest in cultivation; plenty of water. Price, $30.

No. 17.—33 acres, new two story six room dwelling, barn, two good wells, an everlasting spring, well fenced, all in grass, fine tobacco land, fine young orchard. Price $3000.

No. 18.—174 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, one good six room dwelling, on good pike, 3½ miles from depot, one mile from school and church, good stock barn. All outbuildings, 60 acres bottom land, 6 rods stone fence. Price $32.

No. 19.—275½ acres, 76 acres good timber, two story nine room dwelling, two tobacco barns, will hold 20 acres tobacco; two stock barns, cow house, two tenant houses, two good wells, plenty of springs, fine young orchard, all kinds of fruit, large and small; ice house, carriage house, all outbuildings new. Price $50.

No. 20.—250 acres, nine miles from Springfield, good dwelling, two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres timber, plenty of grass, fine orchard. $30 an acre.

Several other pieces of town property. If you want a home in Springfield I've got it at any price.

No. 21.—90 acres, good wire fence, plenty locust posts, 4 miles from Springfield. Price $1000.

No. 22.—121 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good barn, young orchard, fine mineral spring, plenty of water. Price $15 per acre.

No. 23.—139½ acres, 1 good dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, hold 15 acres of tobacco, one barn new; 1 mile from Maud, one half mile from school, some timber, fine tobacco land, well fenced, plenty of water. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 24.—166 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, one 9 room dwelling, in good repair; 2 tobacco barns, 1 stock barn, 1 corn crib, ice house, hen house, meat house, cabin, 25 acres of bottom land, fence in good repair. Price, $60 per acre.

B. D. Lake, Springfield

FARMS for SALE

By W. T. Ewing, Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

150 acres, 7 room house, 3 miles of Burgin, at $45 an acre.
101 acres, 2 miles Harrodsburg, well improved, at $65 an acre.
200 acres, fine farm, near McAfee, 25 acres walnut woods, at $70.
240 acres, near Vanarsdall R. R. Station, at $40, (exchange.)
207 acres, finest of land at Burgin, well improven, at $100 an acre.
191 acres, fine farm, on pike, near Salvisa, splendidly improved, at $60, (exchange.)
113 acres, in 5 miles Harrodsburg, on Salt river, 35 acres bottom land, at $37.
100 acres, 2 miles Vanarsdall R. R. Station, well improved, orchard, etc., $2500.
100 acres, 3 miles Burgin, well improved, good land, at $45 an acre.
216 acres, on pike, 3 miles McAfee R. R. Station, good farm, improved, at $40.
73 acres, at limits Harrodsburg, cottage, barn, etc, $4000, (exchange.)
80 acres, good land, near McAfee, well improved, $4000.
100 acres, on pike, 6 miles Harrodsburg, near Rose Hill, well improved, $2500.
232 acres, fine land for any crop, near Shakertown, on pike, at $55.
171 acres, 2 miles of Burgin, well improved, good land, at $45.
198 acres, 1 mile Salvisa, fine farm, well improved, a bargain, at $87.50.
54 acres, 5 miles Harrodsburg, near R. R. station, improved, $1900.
93 acres, near Rose Hill, well improved, at $25 an acre.
313 acres, fine farm, 90 acres just out of woodland, mostly fine bottom, handsomely improved, at $70 an acre.
74 acres, close to pike, all in grass many years but 20 acres, $4000.
54 acres, near Rose Hill, 6 room house, other improvements, $1620.
93 acres, 2 miles Harrodsburg, handy pike, fine land, at $100 an acre.
212 acres, fine tobacco farm, well improved, in Woodford county, on pike, at $45.
182 acres, in Woodford county, on pike, fine tobacco land, at $55.
122 acres, in Washington county, well improved, 2 miles of Mackville, $3000.
Mill with new machinery, dam needs rebuilding, water all year, $1500.
Many other properties. Write me.

A Very Low-Price Sale!

We have just received a large shipment of summer skirts for Women and Misses, which, owing to the late season, we must sell at and below cost.

Skirts From 95c to $1.95

75 SUITS

For men, Youths and Children will be sold regardless of cost prices.

An extra large line of Men's, Ladies', Misses and Children's shoes at very low prices.

A Lot of 50c Shirts at 20c

All of the above goods arrived from New York too late consequently they must be sold at a sacrifice price---BELOW COST.

Shrager Brothers.

(In Opera House Building.)

For Cruelly Driving Horse.

Lebanon Enterprise: Mamie Crosby, the negro woman who last week drove a horse to death belonging to the livery firm of J. W. Crume & Bro., as told in our last issue, was tried in the police court Wednesday on a charge of "cruelly using a horse." The woman pleaded guilty and was fined $10 and costs. One of the negro men with the woman at the time has disappeared and cannot be found, while the other one has arranged privately with the liverymen to partially pay for the animal which was valued at $150.

"Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshines may last but a day and he prepares for the showers which are so liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary, and delay may prove fatal. For sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

Daily Herald AND SUN $2.00

SHERRY'S WORKING WORLD

The Leading Attraction at The Springfield Fair.

A whole world with its natural resources and various industries and occupation represented in a space 14 feet long and five feet wide. This would seem to be an almost impossible thing to exist, but that is exactly what is shown in a most unique little contrivance which was made by James Sherry, and which is exhibited by him under the name of "The Little World."

It is not a picture, but a mechanical contrivance which shows the different classes of people and machinery in motion and with as much animation as in actual life. It can not be called a toy, for it is far to complicated a piece of machinery.

"The Little World" is shown on a platform 14 feet long and five feet wide. Surrounding three sides is scenery representing mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers and oceans.

Around the edge of the platform is a little railroad track. On this runs a passenger train at a high rate of speed. The locomotive and cars are 12 inches long, but are exact representations of real cars. The little train runs under a tunnel and on around through a depot and past a new depot in course of construction, where tiny workmen are carrying on the work of building. At the depot a woman who represents the telegraph operator comes out of a door and then goes back again, and a man just outside the depot opens gates through which the train passes, and then closes them again.

Inside the tracks there are about 50 little figures not more than three or four inches tall, but all doing something. There is a sawmill where men are sawing lumber, another man working a lathe, and all run by a little engine. A woman is seen making clothes at a sewing machine, two negroes are carrying on a boxing match, a boy is shining a man's shoes, a couple walk about for fresh air, and others are busy at different occupations and pleasures.

Under a tent is shown four or five wheelmen who are riding their bicycles around a circle, and in the center is a pond of real water in which move three boats, a steamboat, a sail-boat and a row-boat rowed by a man.

All of these tiny little people move about. The man in the boat rows just like a real man and the fellow sawing wood would make one feel hot to look at him, so hard does he word. The figures, tiny as they are, turn their heads and move their arms and legs just like real people.

The whole of "The Little World" is moving at once, and the strange part about it is that the motive power is unseen. The details shown in the small space are so many that one could look for a long time and still find some new feature. "The Little World" is about as interesting a peice of mechanism as one could wish to see.

The inventor of this strange contrivance has another invention with which he alone and unassisted gives the music of a whole orchestra. He has attached to a piano pedals and springs which he manipulates with his feet and plays the piano, second violin and cella, and at the same time plays the first violin in the ordinary way. There is an attachment which works a fan while he plays.

J. A. SHERRY.

Summer Diarrhoea in Children.

During the hot weather of the summer days the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, pastor of the first M. E. Church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children." Sold by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

Killed in Marion.

Abe Bright, aged twenty-six years, sat on the railroad track at St. Mary's Saturday night and fell asleep. A freight train struck him, injuring him so that he died at the Elizabeth Hospital Sunday morning. He was a farmer. Victor Bandy, track walker of the Henderson Route, also went to sleep on the track Saturday night and was hit by west-bound passenger train No. 145 about 10:30 o'clock. He will probably die. Bandy's home is at Lodiburg.

Luckiest Man in Arkansas.

"I'm the luckiest man in Arkansas," writes H. L. Stanley, of Bruno, "since the restoration of my wife's health after five years of continuous coughing and bleeding from the lungs; and I owe my good fortune to the world's greatest medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which I know from experience will cure consumption if taken in time. My wife improved with first bottle and twelve bottles completed the cure." Cures the worst coughs and colds or money refunded. At C. J. Havdon druggist. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

DR. G. W. YOUNG WILL DELIVER AN ADDRESS ON LOCAL OPTION AT THE COURT HOUSE IN BARDSTOWN ON MONDAY, AUGUST 13, COUNTY COURT DAY.

CORRECT MARKET REPORTS.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams, 15c; Sides, 12½c.
Beeswax—24c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Chickens—Hens, 9½c; Spring, 11c
Dried apples, 5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Corn Meal—75c to 80c. per bushel.
Eggs—12c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Flour—$2.80@ $3.
Ginseng—$7.50 per pound.
Grain—Wheat 68c; corn, 50c; Oats 40c
Hides—Green, 9½c to 10½c
Lard—11c per pound.
Lime—90c to $1.00 per barrel.
Mill products—Bran 80; shipstuff, $1.00 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 80c.
Onions—85c
Salt—$1.45 and $1.85 per barrel.
Turkeys—10 per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—25c to 40c per gallon.
Wool—Burry and greasy, 14½c; clear of grease, 20c; tub washed, 28c.
Country Sorghum—45c to 50c
Geese—50c a peice.

THE MARKETS

Grain, Provisions, Etc.

Chicago, Aug. 4.

FLOUR—Firm. Spring wheat, special brands, $4.90@5.10; Minnesota, hard patent, jute, $4.30@4.50; straight, export bags, $3.40@3.60; clear, export bags, $3.00@3.60.

WHEAT—Dull. September, 71⅝@74c; December, 74⅜@75⅜c.

CORN—Easy. September, 45⅝@46¾c; December, 45⅞@47c.

OATS—Dull. July, 32¼@32⅝c; September, 30⅜@31¼c.

RYE—Steady. September closed 56c bid and 56½c asked. December 56c bid and 58½c asked. On open market September sold 56½c; cash No. 2, 56⅝@57½c f. o. b.

BUTTER—Steady. Creamery, per lb., 15@23c; dairies, 14@18c.

EGGS—Firm. Fresh eggs, at mark, new cases included, 14½c per dozen; prime firsts, 18½c; extras, 18½c.

LIVE POULTRY—Steady. Turkeys, per lb., 12c; chickens, fowls, per lb., 11c; ducks, 11@11½c.

New York, Aug. 4.

FLOUR—Dull and lower to sell. Minnesota, $4.25@4.50; winter straights, $3.70@3.85; Minnesota bakers, $3.45@3.80; winter extras, $2.90@3.40; winter patents, $4.00@4.25; winter low grades, $2.90@3.40.

WHEAT—Steady. September, 79⅝@80¼c; December, 82⅝@82¾c; May, 84¾@85c.

RYE—Nominal.

CORN—Steady. December, 54⅝@55c.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 4.

CATTLE—Lower. Good to fancy steers, $5.50@6.40; common to good steers, $4.50@5.50; inferior to common steers, $3.90@4.50; western range steers, $4.00@5.10; good to fancy cows and heifers, $3.75@5.35; yearlings, good to choice, $4.50@5.55; fair to choice feeders, $3.75@4.25; good cutting to fair beef cows, $2.40@3.20; fair to choice stockers, $2.00@3.85; bulls, common to good, $2.25@4.10; bulls, good to choice, $4.10@4.40; calves, fair to good, $3.00@6.25; calves, good to choice, $6.25@7.00.

HOGS—Steady. Good to choice butcher, $6.40@6.60; good to choice shipping, $6.55@6.70; good to choice heavy mixed, $6.30@6.40; rough heavy packers, $5.75@6.15; light mixed, $6.45@6.60; fair to fancy light, $6.50@6.75; good to prime heavy, $6.20@6.45; good to choice pigs, $5.25@6.15.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 4.

CATTLE—Market unchanged. Native steers, $4.00@6.00; cows and heifers, $2.75@4.00; western steers, $3.00@4.85; Texas steers, $2.75@4.00; cows and heifers, $2.00@2.50; canners, $1.50@2.50; stockers and feeders, $2.75@4.25; calves, $3.00@5.50; bulls and stags, $2.25@4.00.

HOGS—Market steady. Heavy, $6.00@6.35; mixed, $6.15@6.25; light, $6.20@6.35; pigs, $5.50@6.00; bulk of sales, $6.15@6.30.

SHEEP—Market steady. Yearlings, $5.00@5.75; wethers, $4.50@5.00; ewes, $4.00@4.75; lambs, $6.25@7.50.

A Healing Gospel.

The Rev. J. C. Warren, pastor of Sharon Baptist Church, Belair, Ga., says of Electric Bitters: "It's a Godsend to mankind. It cured me of lame back, stiff joints, and complete physical collapse. I took it till I took me half an hour to walk a mile. Two bottles of Electric Bitters have made me so strong I have just walked three miles in 50 minutes and feel like walking three more. It's made a new man of me." Greatest remedy for weakness and all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at C. J. Haydon's drug store. Price 50c.

Illinois Central R. R.

Reduced Rate Excursions to Cerulian, Dawson and Grayson Springs, Ky., California and Colorado.

Extremely low round trip Rates to points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Excursion rates daily to Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Through personally conducted Excursion Sleeper, Louisville to California, Arizona and Texas.

Full particulars by addressing

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

THE NEWS BOILED DOWN.

A death from yellow fever near Havana was reported to the Louisiana board of health by its inspectors in Cuba.

The three-cornered war among the Harriman, Hill and Milwaukee railway interests in the northwest is reaching an actute stage.

The fever in Havana is under splendid control. In Central America the precautions and sanitary measures are far better than they were last summer.

Seventeen companies of the Nebraska national guard left Lincoln for Fort Riley, Kan., to take part in the maneuvers of national and state troops.

The Harvard eight-oared crew, which is to row Cambridge university on the Thames September 8, arrived at Queenstown on the White Star line steamer Cedric.

Frank Harolt, a miner, shot and killed his wife, Mary, in a boarding house at Butte, where she was employed as a cook. Jealousy was the motive for the crime.

Ex-Gov. Samuel R. Van Sant has been appointed chief marshal of the big Grand Army parade in Minneapolis on Wednesday, August 15, by Commander-in-Chief Tanner.

President Harry Pulliam, of the National league, after a conference with the owners of the Boston club, announced the price they demanded, although reasonable, was in excess of what he could pay.

Each of them wearing a tag marked "Portland, Ore., U. S. A.," three little girls, the eldest not more than 12 years old, arrived at Boston unaccompanied on the steamer Ivernia from Helsingfors, Finland.

For the purpose of testing the reports regarding the quality of meat served to the enlisted men at the navy yard, Brooklyn, Rear Admiral Coghlan, commandant of the yard, has appointed a board of inquiry.

The directors of the General Paper company held a meeting behind closed doors at Milwaukee, with a view to winding up its affairs as a corporation, in compliance with the decision by the United States circuit court.

Coroner Carroll, of Seattle, said the facts in the suicide of Eli A. Gage, son of former Secretary of the Treasury Lyman T. Gage, did not warrant his holding the inquest, as there is no question as to the manner of death.

The annual report of James E. Roderick, chief of the state department of mines, for the year 1905 shows that Pennsylvania continues to lead the mining industry of the country, producing practically all of the anthracite and 30 per cent. of the bituminous coal.

Longworths Sail for Home.

Paris, Aug. 6.—Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth sailed from Cherbourg for New York on the American line steamer St. Paul. A crowd of friends saw them off at the railroad station here, including the Marquis and Count De Chambrun and their wives, and the officials of the American embassy. The compartment in which Mr. and Mrs. Longworth traveled was filled with flowers and other gifts, among which was an enormous basket of fruit sent in behalf of Ambassador and Mrs. McCormick.

Martinique Has Four Shocks.

New York, Aug. 6.—A cable to the Herald from Fort de France, Martinique, says: Four strong earthquake shocks were felt here Thursday night.

Refused to Grant Bail.

Lexington, Ky.—A telegram from Irvine says that Circuit Judge Riddle refused to grant bail to John Smith and John Abner, charged with the assassination of Dr. B. N. Cox during the Breathitt county feud troubles. They will be held on the charge of murder.

Hit By Lighted Lamp.

Louisville, Ky.—Albert Murphy, colored, died at the University Hospital from the burns, it is alleged, he had received in being struck by a lighted lamp in the hands of Nettie Drane, colored, at her home, 624 Seventh street.

Fair Association Incorporated.

Lexington, Ky.—The Blue Grass Fair association was incorporated with a capital stock of $25,000, divided into $2,500 shares, with a par value of $10 each. The purpose of the association is to give fairs, carnivals and other entertainments.

Sued For Back Taxes.

Lexington, Ky.—Rankin Clemmons, who is credited with being the richest man in Fayette county, was made defendant in a suit for back taxes by the state auditor's agent. He was sued for taxes for 1906 on personal property amounting to $28,000.

Open Shop at Louisville.

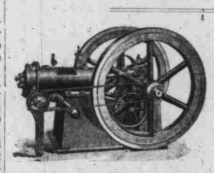
Louisville, Ky.—On account of the lithographers' strike in this city, involving about 40 skilled workmen, the announcement was made that the Louisville establishments hereafter will be open shops. The employers will engage nonunion men.

Citizens In Pursuit.

Madisonville, Ky.—Two deputy sheriffs and about 75 citizens are in pursuit of a negro who criminally assaulted Myrtle Fugate, 16. The girl is the daughter of George Fugate, a well-known farmer living near Madisonville.

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C. B. Pope, Route 4, has for sale a good male sheep—4-years-old.

W. H. Leachman, Springfield, has for sale one pair of good work mules, also two registered Jersey bull calver.

R. L. Clements has for sale one yearling south down buck.

Dee Riley, Route 3, has for sale four shoats, thoroughbred Polin China. Three females one male.

R. A. Wheatley, Route 2, has for sale an extra good short horn bull.

Sherman Martin, Springfield, has for sale a black mare with mule by her side; one good steer calf, eight geese and a good sow and pigs.

Robert Thompson, Willisburg, R. F. D. No. 1, has for sale two number one milk cows, also three sows and pigs.

B. J. Cecil, Rout 2, has for sale a young Duroc boar—thoroughbred.

B. B. Waters, Springfield, has for sale a good Jersey cow.

J. D. Sutherland, Springfield, Rt. 3, has for sale 1000 30 inch boards.

Benedict Clements, near town, has for sale a lot of oak lumber.

The Publisher's Claims Sustained

UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS

The Publishers of Webster's International Dictionary allege that it "is, in fact, the popular Unabridged thoroughly re-edited in every detail, and vastly enriched in every part, with the purpose of adapting it to meet the larger and severer requirements of another generation."

We are of the opinion that this allegation most clearly and accurately describes the work that has been accomplished and the result that has been reached. The Dictionary, as it now stands, has been thoroughly re-edited in every detail, has been corrected in every part, and is admirably adapted to meet the larger and severer requirements of a generation which demands more of popular philological knowledge than any generation that the world has ever contained.

It is perhaps needless to add that we refer to the dictionary in our judicial work as of the highest authority in accuracy of definition; and that in the futures as in the past it will be the source of constant reference.

CHARLES C. NOTT, Chief Justice.
LAWRENCE WELDON,
JOHN DAVIS,
STANTON J. PEELLE,
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